

# The Improvement ERA

JULY, 1930  
Vol. 33 No. 9

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

Abominable Creeds  
J. PERCY GODDARD



Out of the Burning  
IVY WILLIAMS STONE



From the Green Mountains  
to the Rockies  
JOHN D. GILES



A Modern American  
Prophet  
JOHN HENRY EVANS



A Spiritual Philosophy of  
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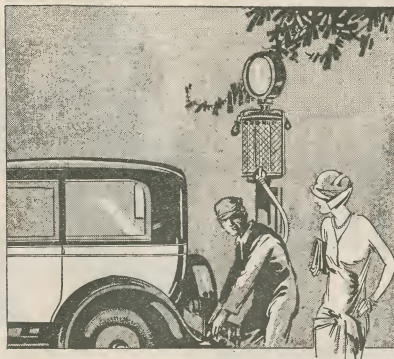
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# FORECAST

Out of the ordinary and into the unusual is the new serial story to begin in the August issue of the *Improvement Era*. Different in atmosphere, plot and treatment, it will hold the reader from the start, and from month to month the charm of it will become more and more potent. From America across the ocean into the romantic, colorful islands of the South Seas does the story move, and woven into the incidents and descriptions of it are the witchery of the tropics, the glamor of the new and the strange, and the pleasure which attends the following of an interesting thread of plot to a logical and satisfying finish. After reading the first chapter of *Expatriation* there is no question about the rest.

A great youth experience was the M. I. A. Conference held in June, in Salt Lake City, and to leaders and parents it was equally gratifying and full of hope. The theme "Onward with Mormon Ideals" ran like a strong thread through the three days, linking together in beauty and power the gems of the occasion. The August *Era* will publish a detailed account of the salient features of this Conference, in which will be set forth some of the particulars which must not be forgotten.

Among the commandments which were given to Moses was one dealing with the Sabbath day, and in the centuries which have elapsed since then, many conditions have entered into the process of living which have in some way or other weakened public consciousness of the importance of observing that law to its fullest extent, and condoned, in great measure, the disregard for it which is increasingly common. Thinking people everywhere recognize the need for a weekly day of rest, and among these, some have expressed themselves freely and with convincing clarity. Thomas Weir, well-known as a mining engineer of note and authority, is one whose belief in Sabbath observance is deep and sincere. In the *Era* for next month his views will be set forth, and it will be of great interest to members of the Church to learn the opinions of one who is not a member on a subject very near to the "Mormon heart."

# The Improvement Era

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**Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints**

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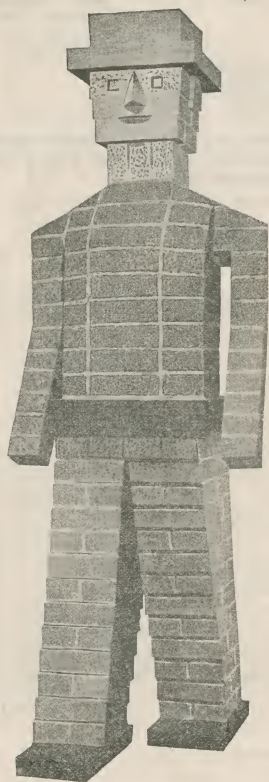
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# EDITORIAL

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## Our Pioneers

THE intellectual development of the Latter-day Saints during the past century is warrant for the statement that some day a modern, but temperate, De Quincey will arise in this community and will produce a classic built upon pioneer incidents. Such a story will surpass the "Flight of a Tartar Tribe." Material rich in color and atmosphere awaits the master hand. The narrative quite naturally will cover the migration of the first company under the direction of that matchless pioneer, Brigham Young. Without going further, one finds here the elements of a great story, one of conflict, of wavering faith among some, but in the main of praiseworthy reliance in God and in his representative. On one occasion, shortly before arriving in the valley, President Young was ill and one of his followers is reported to have made a statement and query something like this:

"Brother Brigham, we are lost in the mountains. The brethren are discouraged. Why did you pass the fertile plains where we would have been safe from our enemies?"

"Brother," the prophet leader answered, "we are not lost. When I see the place I shall know it, but I have not seen it yet."

The phenomenal faith or Atlantean courage, or a combination of both, of this man, his persistency when vacillation would have cost precious lives, his power to vivify his followers, furnish many dramatic episodes. What were his thoughts while viewing the tremendous responsibility? Irrigation, as a system, was unknown, and before them was an arid desert. Was this man so sure of himself that he, in his hours of solitude, did not tremble? Evidently, for he was ever ready to come to grips with any who opposed or gave grudging assent to his plans.

There was an impressive similarity between the pioneers and the land to which they came—a band of outcasts and a country pronounced worthless by the greatest statesman of his day. But the potentialities in each were like the latent power in the streams which roared through the canyons. There was to be mutual development.

But however much we cherish the memory of the first company and honor the participants, that journey does not fire the imagination as do some later occurrences. In the main, that group was made up of hardy, courageous people, peculiarly fitted for such an expedition. Their equipment, considering the times, was of the best, vigorous men, good teams, strong wagons.

But the future genius who is to write this immortal narrative will look beyond these vanguards for his most gripping material. There he will see companies poorly fitted out, decrepit men, frail women and children, worn out wagons, often drawn by thin oxen, or by cows upon which babes depended for their sustenance. He will see in one company a tiny maid of eight years trudging patiently beside a wagon so heavily loaded that even her slight weight would add too much to the burden of weakened horses. The soles of her shoes were almost entirely gone, and in her weariness she rejoiced when a stream was reached too deep for her to wade, for then she could ride across either on some one's back or in a corner of the wagon.

In another company a boy of seven, the oldest of four children, could be seen. The party was overtaken by serious sickness. One day the father died and was buried at sundown; some kind-hearted women put the sobbing little ones to bed, for the mother was also desperately ill. As this boy arose the following morning they had just finished burying his mother, and all his life he grieved because there was another grave between those of his parents. Years later he went back over the old trail to gather the beloved remains and place them side by side; but he searched in vain for their resting place. When he was nine years old this same orphan lad might be seen hauling grain from Salt Lake to Provo. He had to camp overnight at the point of the mountain, and, except when fortune smiled upon him and he found other campers, he was forced to leave the oxen yoked all night, being too small to put the yoke on if it was taken off.

Whatever else may be said of the hand-cart companies, they furnish intensely pathetic and tragic material for history. Was it a mistake to send people out in this manner? Many have thought so, but a highly intellectual non-"Mormon" lady remarked, after the recent pageant: "Seeing those hand-carts and hearing your choir sing, 'All is well, all is well,' awakened the most sublime feelings that have ever come to me." Even the critic is forced to admit, therefore, that these devotees did not suffer and die in vain.

Why were the people brought across the productive plains of the middle west, where they were offered the security of distance from their enemies? Why? Because "This is the Place," the only locality under heaven where ancient and modern prophecies could have been fulfilled.—H. J. C.

# Measuring Up

BOOKS, magazines and papers of every description have of late years abounded in opinions regarding the freedom, flippancy, disrespect and irreverence of the youth of this generation. Some writers and thinkers agree that there has never existed a more demoralized set of young people; they wonder what has come over civilization to permit such a pass; they are certain that laws of heredity have suddenly been suspended and have ceased to operate; they denounce the younger generation for their shortcomings, their lack of vision and good sense in ignoring the example set so shiningly before them. Others, equally observant and quite as sane, see the other side to the question, and deplore the narrowness of maturity in helping to create situations for youth in the face of their inability to offer constructive assistance in adjustment and solution to the new problems.

Both groups have excellent arguments and seemingly incontrovertible evidence; and when each of two factions is certain that the other is entirely wrong, the only conclusion to be drawn is that there is much to be said on both sides, as doubtless there is. Each side has reasons for a particular opinion, and the reasons of both sides, being set forth, appear to have merit. They sound lucid and logical; they are reasonable and convincing. They are stimulating to study.

Of all the many and serious questions which have sprung up with amazing vitality and assurance, none perhaps has challenged more lively discussion than the matter of smoking—especially among girls. Many decades ago a young man gave to a listening few the word of the Lord regarding the use of tobacco, and into the seclusion of the valleys of the Rocky Mountains that little band brought the code governing the matter. But so great have been the changes wrought in transportation, communication and education that the valleys gradually ceased to be secluded, and with the coming and amalgamating of other people, with other ideals of living, the attitude of many toward the Word of Wisdom changed; and this in spite of the fact that scientists—physicians, dietitians and chemists—were coming out in no uncertain terms to explain the evils of tobacco; that employers were stating that a high degree of efficiency was not reached by smokers of cigarettes; that court and criminal records were piling up evidence to sustain the contention that the use of tobacco tended to lower moral stamina and increase susceptibility to evil influences.

This was the situation existing for many years, but only men were concerned until the more recent times. Girls considered themselves to be more delicate in their sensibilities, more fastidious in their habits and more conscientious in upholding the traditions of religion and heritage. To smoke was unduly like, and that was that.

Then suddenly something happened—the war, perhaps, is the most logical explanation—and the many differences between girls and boys, their rights and prerogatives, disappeared. A new freedom, so-called; a new equality, prevailed, and what was wrong for one was considered wrong for the other; what was sanctioned for the other must be sanctioned

for the one. Smoking among girls was conceded to be a subtle gesture of advancement. Signboards depicted in glowing colors the charm of the young women who used cigarettes; and into the homes of those who had radio, the beauties of smoking, and the marvelous effects of the use of tobacco, were expounded with stirring intonation, and emphasized by the accompaniment of the particularly fine dance music which followed.

Protests against the use of public signboards for this use, and more vigorous protests by the manufacturers of other commodities against the obviously unfair advertising of certain cigarette-makers, brought the matter before the people of the country in such a way as to focus attention upon it, which condition is the most powerful advertising agency of all. Girls were reminded constantly and continuously and through increasingly insidious methods, that they must be smokers to be slim; must develop a discrimination in their choice of cigarettes just as they developed form and grace in their tennis, style in dress and charm in personality.

Adults became alarmed, as well they might. Principles of right and of long standing were threatened; and what assurance had they that youth would withstand the temptation to join the popular majority against the sane minority? In the face of the uncertainty, an action taken by the girls of the University of Utah is interesting and timely, and should be reassuring. Following a meeting at which the question of smoking on the campus was discussed, a petition was submitted to the effect that the girls of the University asked that smoking be not permitted on the campus on the grounds that smoking is not a necessity; it is offensive to many; it precludes the maintaining of a high standard of cleanliness; it lessens the need for self-control. In addition, the fact was pointed out that school executives demand the services of teachers who do not use tobacco.

This was signed by the Associated Women Students of the institution.

The expression of a group is unquestionably the concerted expression of individual feeling and sentiment. That the girls of an institution of this kind are decisive enough in their opinion to justify the foregoing petition is most gratifying, for it proves conclusively that as individuals they have lived above the pernicious contamination of unscrupulous advertisers who would sacrifice the vigor and vitality of a nation's youth to their devastating love of money. May the feeling expressed in the petition of a number of college girls represent the sentiment of the west! And among the girls of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, those who know of a surety that the battle against tobacco is to the strong, may there be absolute unity of purpose and strength of character manifested in every phase of personal and group attitude. Social pressure is an element most important in the establishment of standards, and the girls and boys of the Church hold in their keeping the responsibility of preserving and strengthening the standards given into their trust by those who believe them equal to the task and joy of upholding it.

—E. T. B.



# THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. 33-41

JULY, 1930

No. 9

## Abominable Creeds

By J. PERCY GODDARD

*Member of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board*

IN this centennial year of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints it has been most interesting and enlightening to review the astonishing progress of the last one hundred years.

We are living in a new and miraculous age of change and advancement. Literally a flood of light and wisdom has come upon the world since the heavens were reopened to the Prophet of the latter-days.

The purpose of this article is to call attention to the fact that during this century of most marvelous progress signal changes have occurred in the teachings of Christian ministers. Oversight of this fact has caused some among us to be somewhat puzzled to account for these words of the Lord to Joseph Smith in the spring of 1820: "*All their creeds are an abomination in my sight.*"

OUR young people hear or read the sermons of present day preachers and, on the whole, they are able to subscribe heartily to the things taught, and they wonder at the word of the Lord. However, in large measure, a new Christianity is being taught today which is very different from that which was taught to our grandparents and great-grandparents a century ago.

We shall present an arraignment of some of the common teachings of Christian pulpits by one who was, himself, an eminent preacher and scholar.

In 1877 Dr. F. W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, preached five sermons in Westminster Abbey, which, much to his surprise, stirred up a most heated controversy throughout Christendom. Dean

Farrar is best known among us, as a people, as the author of a "Life of Christ" and a "Life of St. Paul."

Due to incorrect versions of his stand as based upon newspaper reports of his sermons, Dr. Farrar published the offending sermons in 1878 in a volume entitled "Eternal Hope." In this volume were included extended comments and notes in defense of the position taken in the sermons themselves. However, after this publication the controversy became even more heated and reached not only all parts of the British Isles and colonies but was taken up in America and in continental Europe.

Due to the very widespread discussion, and the numerous attacks upon Dr. Farrar's views, he was led in 1881 to publish another, and much more extended volume, under the title of "Mercy and Judgment." This latter book is altogether a defense of the author's

position as set forth in his sermons, and is an answer to some of his innumerable critics.

The two volumes, "Eternal Hope" and "Mercy and Judgment" were reprinted through several editions. Reference attached to quotations contained in this article are to the reprint editions of 1904.

The chief points at issue between Dean Farrar and his critics he summarizes under four headings, as follows:

"1. That the fire of 'Hell' is material, and that its agonies are physical agonies.

"2. That the doom of 'everlasting damnation' is incurred by the vast majority of mankind.

"3. That this doom is passed irreversibly at death on all who die in a state of sin.

"4. That the duration of these material torments is necessarily endless for all who incur them."

—M. & J., p. 17.

From chapter four of "Mercy and Judgment" I quote below just a few of the numerous descriptions cited by Dr. Farrar of the "hell" that had been preached for centuries.

Calvin, d. 1564—"For ever harassed by a dreadful tempest, they shall feel themselves torn asunder by an angry God, and broken by the weight of his hand, and transfixed and penetrated by mortal stings, terrified by the thunderbolt of God. So that to sink into any gulf would be more tolerable than to stand for a moment in these terrors."—P. 99.

St. Ignatius Loyola, d. 1548—(Founder of Jesuit Order) "Let us fancy we see hell, and imagine what is worst to behold—a horrible cavern full of black flames.



THE AUTHOR

Sulphur, devils, dragons, fire, swords, arrows, and innumerable damned who roar in despair. Imagine the worst you can, and then say, 'All this is nothing compared to hell.' In that voracious subterranean cavern all the filth of the world is collected and enclosed, without exhalation or air, which must produce a most foetid pestilence. \* \* \* The sight is tormented by frightful devils; a holy religious saw at death two so monstrous and ugly devils, that he cried out that rather than see them again he would walk till the day of judgment on fire of sulphur and melted metal."—*Spiritual Exercises*, Medit. XII. (This is one of the commonest books of Roman Catholic devotion.)

Thomas Boston, d. 1732—"God will hold sinners with one hand over the pit of hell, while he torments them with the other."—*Fourfold State*, p. 102.

Jonathan Edwards (one of the most noted of all American preachers) d. 1758—"Here all judges have a mixture of mercy, but the wrath of God will be poured out upon the wicked without mixture. Imagine yourself to be cast into a fiery oven \* \* \* and imagine also that your body were to lie there for a quarter of an hour, full of fire, as full within and without as a bright coal fire, all the while full of quick sense: what horror would you feel at the entrance of such a furnace? Oh! then how would your heart sink if you knew that after millions and millions of ages your torment would be no nearer to an end than ever it was. But your torment in hell will be immensely greater than this illustration represents."—*Works*, Vol. iii, 260, p. 102.

"The pit is prepared, the fire is made ready, the furnace is now hot, ready to receive the wicked: the flames do now rage and glow. The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much in the same way as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect, abhors you and is dreadfully provoked. \* \* \* He will trample them beneath his feet with inexpressible fierceness; he will crush their blood out, and will make it fly, so that it will sprinkle his garment and stain all his raiment."—*Works*, vii, 499.

"You cannot stand before an infuriated tiger even; what then will you do when God rushes against you in all his wrath?"—

**J.** PERCY GODDARD has always been active in Church work. Indeed, activity is one of his chief characteristics. After filling a mission to Germany, he became an instructor in the L. D. S. Business College, and subsequently taught in Weber College, Agricultural College and University of Utah. He is a graduate of the U. of U. and also of New York University. Since 1911 has been a practicing certified accountant. He was bishop of the 31st Ward in Liberty Stake for twelve years, is now in the High Council of that stake and also a member of the General Sunday School Union Board.

Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (noted English Baptist preacher, contemporary of Farrar) d. 1892—"When thou diest thy soul will be tormented alone; that will be a hell for it; but at the day of judgment thy body will join thy soul, and then thou wilt have twin-hells, thy soul sweating drops of blood, and thy body suffused with agony. In fire exactly like that which we have on earth thy body will lie, asbestos-like for ever unconsumed, all thy veins roads for the feet of Pain to travel on, every nerve a string on which the Devil shall for ever play his diabolical tune of hell's unutterable lament."—P. 104.

John Foster (English Baptist preacher and essayist) d. 1843—"It is infinitely beyond the highest archangel's faculty to apprehend a thousandth part of the horror of the doom to eternal damnation."—P. 105.

John Wesley (a founder of the Methodist religion) d. 1791—"Consider that all these torments of body and soul are without intermission. Be their suffering ever so extreme, be their pain ever so intense, there is no possibility of their fainting away, no, not for one moment. \* \* \* They are all eye, all ear, all sense. Every instant of their duration it may be said of their whole frame that they are

"Trembling alive all o'er,

And smart and agonise at every pore."

"And of this duration there is no end. \* \* \* Neither the pain of body nor of soul is any nearer an end than it was millions of ages ago."—P. 107.

Several passages are cited setting forth the thought that the view of the misery of the damned will increase the joy of the saints in heaven.

By way of summary of the common teachings regarding "hell," Dr. Farrar says: "But that souls are to be plunged into a material fire, miraculously created or kept aflame, and to be tormented with excruciating physical pangs during billions of ages for every second of sin, while saints and angels rejoice at their sufferings—these are the assertions which I wish to hear authoritatively repudiated, and which I myself repudiate with abhorrence.

"It is not true that few only have propounded such teachings. Such passages may be adduced from thousands of writers of every class, both Romanist and Protestant, both Anglican and Nonconformist, and in every age from the third century to the nineteenth."—Pp. 95-96.

"To overthrow a belief in such horrors and such blasphemies is to overthrow a belief which is the worst enemy of the Faith, and which is the immediate parent of atheism, of wretchedness, and of despair."—P. 106.

Dean Farrar continues: "It is but quite recently that Father Furniss has written and Messrs. Duffy have published, such ghastly tracts as 'The Spirit of Hell,' 'The Terrible Judgment and the Bad Child,' 'The Book of the Dying,' etc. \* \* \* I hardly like to copy, even by way of specimen, such revolting horrors.

"When a child commits a mortal sin its soul is not thrown into a den of lions, but it is thrown into a den of devils. These devils are a million times more cruel and frightful than lions and tigers, and serpents, and adders, and scorpions, and toads, and spiders, and all kinds of venomous and stinging creatures." Pp. 106.

Is it any wonder the Lord declared "All their creeds are an abomination in my sight?"

In a following article will be shown the effect upon men of the doctrines herein described and further that the commonly accepted belief was that all but a comparative few of the human race will be subjected to endless sufferings hereafter with no hope of God's compassion or forgiveness beyond the grave.

# POETRY

## Morning

By Blanche Kendall McKey

**H**OLLYHOCKS and golden glow  
In a hedge the sun peeps over,  
Kissed, caressed by Laughing Wind—  
Known for aye as a rover;  
A white little cot where a cradle swings,  
And the stirring voice of a mother  
Sings with the bird in his burnished cage  
The soft, glad song of a lover.

Glints of gold from the yellow bloom  
Shine in the heart of me;  
And varied pinks of hollyhock—  
Power of mystery!—  
Envelop my soul with a cloud of joy,—  
Who cares that youth can't last?  
My singing heart is stored with gold  
For the hour when joy is past.

Cold is pain with his tragic eye—  
He is not mine today;  
Mine is the blue that paints the lake  
Where glad young children play;  
Mine is the stretch of pasture land,  
The aspen's cool, sweet shade  
That silver glints the evening rays  
When, still, the gold lights fade.

Mine is the scent of cloverbloom,  
The lilac's incense wild;  
Mine, the blessed gift of love,  
And laugh of a little child;  
The waiting fields, the yielding earth,  
The urge of work begun;  
The hushing peace of a silver moon,  
When we have lost the sun.

Dear little house, you hold my heart!  
Oh, stirring voice within,  
I take your note to quiet fields,  
To cities' noisy din;  
Bright hollyhocks and golden glow—  
Hedge that the sun peeps over—  
Pray tell me how gay Laughing Wind  
Can choose to be a rover?

## Compensation

By Rosannah Cannon

**T**HEY gave me three short months of  
sun and rain  
To set my house in order; but the pain  
Of dying dulled each lovely thing I saw.  
Thus all alone I stood in dreadful awe,  
And trembling, tried to pierce eternity,  
When April came and waved her hand to  
me.

How strange that in the last year I should  
live,  
A lilac that for years refused to give  
One bloom, burst forth in ecstasies of  
white;  
And tossed each fragrant spray for my  
delight.  
Some said it was a change of soil \* \* \*  
but I  
Know it was Springtime telling me  
good-bye.

**L**OVELY as it is to read an entire  
page of one poet's work, the time  
comes when there are little delight-  
ful bits by several people which  
can wait no longer to come to  
light. Dreams and roses, loss and  
compensation, mountains and morn-  
ing and a song of evening, here  
are woven into lines full of beauty  
and of peace. July is a month  
of poises and patriotism and the  
warmth of the summer sun. It is  
a month of fragrant dusk, of star-  
ry nights, of dew-kissed gardens.  
Because these poems somehow carry  
with them the freshness and charm  
of the dew and the stars and the  
fragrance, they seemed to belong  
to July; and although "Compensa-  
tion" has its setting in the spring,  
it is a prelude to the summer to  
follow.

## Gone

By Christie Lund

**T**HOUGH life had tried to rob me  
Of every dream I knew—  
I kept them all, because I clung  
To my white faith in you.  
But it is well you do not know  
How much your going cost;  
Nor know that when I lost that dream  
A thousand dreams were lost.

## Two Songs

By Helen Peterson

### MORNING

**A** ROBIN flew past the garden,  
He brought with him a song;  
The song woke a bud,  
The bud burst into flower  
And a rose greeted the sun.

### EVENING

**N**IGHT mantled the deep;  
A star twinkled,  
A cricket called—  
The moon rose in splendor.

## Bryce

By Vesta P. Crawford

**T**WO giants must have made this land;  
One was massive in his strokes,  
The other wrought with chisel in his  
hand.

One was blind and flung his colors wide,  
A dauber he was with the gorgeous paint,  
But a master followed his stride!

One struck with flaming thunderbolt  
And slashed the mountain face,  
The other came with fine small tools  
And carved cathedrals in its place!

## Arizona Mountains

By Bertha A. Kleinman

(Suggested by a talk given by President  
J. Robert Price of Maricopa Stake)

**B**UILD ye men like the rugged moun-  
tains,  
With shoulders braced to the stormy  
sky,  
Build ye into the tethered stature  
Designed for you by the Utmost High.

Build ye men like the Rock of Ages,  
Cleft for the hosts that come and go,  
Bulwarks fashioned to shield and shelter,  
As mountains build for the vales be-  
low.

Build, ye, build for the eagle's soaring,  
Crags and peaks where the stars en-  
crown,  
That the ships of state shall come to  
their mooring,  
Safe where the beaconed hills look  
down.

Build ye men like the rugged mountains,  
Build for the march of the centuries,  
Still brotherhood shall gird the nations  
And peace brood over the seven seas.

Build ye men like the rugged mountains,  
True to the type of a Maker's scheme,  
Towering chiefs that stand in their image  
Face to face with the All Supreme!

## "This is the Place"

By Weston N. Nordgren

**T**HIS is the place!"  
That far-flung cry  
Echoing through the mountain fastnesses,  
Rolling o'er the plains,  
Deluging all nations  
With its message to the world,  
Returns, as prophecy fulfilled.

"This is the place!"  
And here was built  
By the sturdy pioneers of '47,  
And throughout the years,  
By others following,  
A shrine to God, a holy place—  
A refuge city from the world.

"This is the place!"  
And fleeing now to Zion,  
Come the nations of the earth,  
To learn of God; for scenery;  
To study at the feet of those  
Who followed God's command  
And fled from Babylon.

"This is the place!"  
Old trails fade  
Into the vista of the years;  
Progression comes, and with it peace,  
Prosperity and happiness,  
The people here must ne'er forget  
They owe the whole, to God.



# Joseph Smith A Modern American Prophet

By JOHN HENRY EVANS

## I

INSIDE the log house everything is astir, although it is a long time till dawn. There is a constant passing to and fro between the two lower rooms, and up and down the ladder that leads to the attic, where two other rooms are, with slanting roofs. The flickering light of candles, as they are carried here and there and up and down, throw dark shadows, ever changing, on the walls and on the floor.

The Smith family—at least the older members of it—are making preparations to go to the religious revival that is to be held in Manchester, not far away. They must be in their places by the time the bugle, which blows at sunrise every morning, summons the worshippers to meeting.

IT is an interesting group, this family, aside from the fact that they are hardy pioneers in a heavily timbered country.

There is, first of all, the father, whose name is Joseph. When he stands up, he is a tall man, full six feet, angular in frame, with a disposition that is quiet, thoughtful, and deliberate in both word and act. He is in his forty-ninth year, although, on account of much hard work and some financial reverses, he looks older than that.

AND then there is the mother. Her name is Lucy. She is five years younger than her husband. A woman of good natural intelligence, she has on more than one occasion proved a capable manager, and exerts a powerful influence on every member of the family, including her even tempered spouse. Also she can give a good account of herself in a bargain.

Of the children, Alvin is the oldest. He is twenty-two. Big of body, considerate always of his parents, and a tremendous worker, he has come to be a main prop of the family, taking much of the

responsibility and burden off their shoulders upon his own broad ones. He is a young man of promise, to whose future the father and mother are looking with no small degree of pride and anticipation.

HYRUM, the second child, is a true son of his parents. He is twenty. Like his mother, he has good native intelligence; and, like his father, he is deliberate in speech and manner, never taking any hasty step. But, once his mind is made up, he goes through with it, no matter what. By nature he is tender-hearted and sympathetic—a trait of character that finds its chief outlet in mothering his younger brother, Joseph.

Next comes Sophronia, who is seventeen. She is a general favorite in the household, not merely because for many years she was the only girl in a family of boys, but also because in babyhood she was snatched from the grave by prayer and faith.

The fourth child is Joseph, who is now past fourteen and of whom we shall hear more as we go on with our story.



THE AUTHOR

FOUR others are in this home—Samuel H., who is twelve; William, the Hotspur of the family, who is nine; Catherine, who is eight; and Don Carlos, who is four. There has been one other, Ephraim, who died in infancy; and there is another to come, of whom, however, they do not yet know, whose name will be Lucy.

Three traits stand out prominently in these ten Smiths. They are, first, unswerving loyalty to one another and to their friends; second, a strong religious bent, which finds its main satisfaction in prayer and hymn and Bible reading, for none of them lays any great store by the churches; and, third, great physical energy, which finds vent in hard work mainly.

Coming to Palmyra, from Vermont, four years ago with almost nothing, they have now a two-hundred-acre farm, largely paid for. And of this, thirty acres have been cleared of about as heavy timber and underbrush as can be found in the western part of the New York State of this period. Most of this "clearing" has been planted to maple sugar trees and sown periodically to cereals and other crops.

WHEN the Smiths reach the place where the camp-meeting is to be held, they take their seats with several hundred others. Having come early, they can find an empty bench toward the rear. But many who arrive later must perforce be content with a seat on a tree-stump or a fallen log or even on the ground.

For "multitudes" have been attracted to this spiritual revival. From near and far they have come—farm-folk, shop-keepers, day laborers, everybody. And they will stay, too, till the meetings are all over, whether it requires a week or a month, and the work at home in the meantime can take care of itself. Those who live close by, like the Smith family, may come

and go as they will, without neglecting their daily tasks overmuch. But those who live at a distance have had to bring with them their tents, their bedding, their food, and their cows even, as well as their work horses and their saddle ponies.

IN the direction in which the crowds are facing is a rude platform. It is for the preachers. On the opposite side of the clearing, deep in the trees and on the edges, are the vehicles in which the revivalists have come, with the tents in which they eat and sleep.

It is now full daylight. The sun is just coming up. Presently the bugle blows a loud blast. The buzz of conversation ceases for a moment, but rises again in tones suppressed.

But hush! Here are the preachers. There are five of them—three local and two foreign ministers. The imported preachers are noted "exhorters," brought here for the purpose. For no one is allowed to speak at a revival that has not the power to work up the crowd to a fervid pitch of emotion. That is what a religious revival is for. Expectation is on tip-toe. Only the twittering of the birds in the tree tops can now be heard.

HYMNS are sung. They are extremely emotional. At first people are afraid of their voices, and so not all of them take part in the singing. But as it goes on, hardly a voice but is lifted loud in song. And in the end the very air is charged with tense feeling.

One of the preachers "leads in prayer." He is a local man. For half an hour he prays. His hands are clasped before him; his face is lifted up toward heaven; his voice fluctuates between a whisper and a shout. And here and there, all over the clearing, are cries of "Amen, amen!" When the prayer is ended, the man's face runs with sweat drops.

NEXT, one of the imported ministers, a professional exhorter and circuit rider, speaks. He begins in a loud voice, for feeling is already in a high key everywhere. For two hours he talks, and shouts, and gesticulates wildly. When he is through, he is like one whose life has gone out of him. Another exhorter takes his

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place, and follows in the same strain.

The effect of this singing and praying and preaching is tremendous.

Over here men and women are falling down unconscious, and are carried out by friends who are not themselves overcome by the nervous strain. Over there a man begins to bark like a dog. Pretty soon he runs off into the woods, followed by other men, also barking furiously. They gather, out there, round a tree, look up into its upper branches, and bark vociferously. They have "treed the devil." And in another place a man laughs hysterically in what is called the "holy laugh." He is followed by others, first those nearest him and then those farthest away, till almost every one has caught the contagion.

Most of those who attend the revivals "get religion" in some form or another. As for the rest, many of them in the end may be seen to plunge into the depths of the forest with the despairing cry on their lips, "Lost! Lost!"

AND what have the preachers said that has aroused the feelings of the people to such a high pitch?

Mainly they have talked of hell. Hell is a dreadful place—"a dark, bottomless pit, full of fire and brimstone." That is what one of the exhorters tells them, quoting from the Methodist "Catechism." And he goes on to say, still quoting, that "the wicked in hell will be punished by having their bodies tormented with fire, and their souls by a sense of the wrath of God." The "wicked" are all those who have not joined some church. Even unbaptized infants are in this class; they

sizzle and writhe with the rest in the intense heat.

YOU have no difficulty in picturing sinners in hell. A boundless ocean of black flames, from which there comes no light, but only heat. Countless billions of naked human bodies—men, women, and children. They writhe in the most excruciating pain of body and mind. They breathe liquid fire. Fire issues from their eyes, their ears, their nose without respite. Their limbs are twisted and distorted into shapes that defy description, so horrible are they.

It is at this point in the revival that many women faint. They are thinking of their little dead babies who were not baptized.

Nor is that all. God and the saints in heaven are pictured as deriving great joy out of this scene of anguish and suffering. This of itself is sufficient compensation to the "saved" for their life on earth of self-denial.

THE image of Deity "holding sinners with one hand over the pit of hell, while he torments them with the other;" of God "rushing against you in all his wrath, like an infuriated tiger;" and more striking images of a similar kind—these bring their full quota of sighs, tears, groans, and beatings of the breast from both men and women, as they think what their lot will be if they do not embrace the faith as taught in some one of the churches.

And when will all this horror end for the doomed sinner? Ah, never, literally never! "After millions of years," says one of the preachers, "it will only be begun. God's wrath will be always 'wrath to come.' No pause in that storm." And another declared that "the bodies of the damned will all be salted with fire, so tempered and prepared as to burn the more fiercely, and yet never consumed." And still another, quoting from Jonathan Edwards, says, "After millions and millions of ages your torment will be no nearer an end than ever it was."

FOR the men who conduct this revival have but a poor opinion of human nature. All men are thoroughly bad. All women and children also—especially women, who are so often and easily led by the devil. And they are all



bad because of the "fall" of Adam, in which they neither gave nor withheld their consent. The only way they can be saved is to join one of the churches. Any one of them will do. No person there even thinks of asking a question like that of the old pagan chief—What has become of those who never heard of Christ? And one of the greatest churches of the time teaches that millions of men and women are damned before they are born even, and millions are saved in the same way. It is the doctrine of "predestination."

Nor do these preachers have a very high opinion of God, either. For they ascribe to him some very horrible qualities. One of them says that "the wrath of God will be poured out upon the wicked without mixture of mercy." Another speaks of the "devouring God," as if Deity were some ferocious wild beast, and of the "shambles of Omnipotence." A "shamble," as you may already know, is a slaughter-house. And then God is described as inventing all sorts of strange engines of torture for sinners in hell. Indeed, God's chief characteristic would appear to be his "wrath," which he is forever "visiting" on some one or other, either here or in that bottomless pit with black flames.

WHO is responsible for this monstrous deity with his place of terror? We do not know, and it does not matter in the least.

Of this, however, we may be sure—every good, orthodox Christian believes this characterization of God and hell and the sinner, not only in the United States, but in England and on the continent of Europe. Even the preachers themselves approve the picture, except in moments when their better nature and good sense comes to the surface. Jonathan Edwards, the worst offender of them all, once admitted to a friend that he sometimes had his doubts and fears in the matter of God's treatment of sinners.

The Smiths go home that night—for the revival has kept up all day and the greater part of the night—with many thoughts in their heads. Especially one of the boys.

A BOY comes out from under the wide-spreading eaves of a log house, into the front yard.

He is about fourteen years old—tall for his age, and awkward, like most growing boys. Yet, as you look into his piercing blue eyes, deep-set, in an oval face, and at the abundant blond, wavy hair, your attention is arrested by something back of it all, like the promise of a fair day held out by a brilliant sunrise.

The log cabin, out of which the boy has just come, has a temporary look. Low by comparison with town houses, it is as if it were endeavoring to attract to itself as little attention as possible. It is chinked with mud and topped with split poles overlaid with "dirt." And the door is low—too low for the stalwart men folk who live inside. The windows, too, are unconscionably small, as if they feared to let in too much sunshine.

BUT that was the way of log houses in pioneer times everywhere. Above their rough, unhewn logs and apologetic air always hung the rainbow of a better day—a day when they would be supplanted by commodious structures of lumber or stone or brick.

In front of the youth, to the west, is a rail fence. On the other side of this fence is a roadway with deep ruts in it, made by wagon wheels in the soft earth; and beyond this roadway is another rail fence. These he climbs leisurely, going over each of the fences one leg at a time. Then he enters a narrow lane leading westward, down a gentle decline, past a cooper's shop with a board floor, to a brook over which is a bridge. It is not much to look at, this bridge, for it is only five poles thrown across the stream and held together by strips of board. But it will do.

Down he walks unhastily, his head bent forward slightly, as of one who is meditating deeply, or troubled. Of what is he thinking? He reaches the small creek. There is water in it—not much, but enough to make a faint murmuring sound. He pauses and looks around.

HE glances back at the house. It stands in the midst of a clearing. All around is the forest, centuries old, in which, as he very well knows, are other clearings with other log cabins and yards and outhouses. Workers are in

the field, plowing and otherwise preparing the soil for the seed that is soon to be planted. They are his father and his brothers. And noisy, petulant crows flit hither and yon along the black furrow, seeking for worms.

By rights he should be with these workers, for in spite of his fourteen years, he has a man's body. But he is not with them. He has other business in hand. After that is done he will square himself with them and with his mother, whom he has left in the house and who imagines, no doubt, that he has gone to join them in the field.

He looks up at the sky. The sun is low in the east. Not a cloud is to be seen anywhere. What a glorious day it is! How sweet the breath of spring! The gentle movement of the water comes up to him, and he glances down at it. Already the grass has begun to tinge with green the banks just above the stream.

HE turns his eyes toward the west. There is a slight rise, almost imperceptible, as if the ground had decided to make an upland and then changed its mind. The spot yonder is covered with trees. It is the grove. But the place has not been denuded because the ground cannot profitably be cultivated. His gaze drops again to the narrow road that leads from where the bridge is to where the trees are. But the grove holds his eyes riveted, as if he entertains serious thoughts concerning it.

Pretty soon he crosses over the bridge, walks forward to the west with some boldness as of a mind made up at last, and disappears from sight among the trees.

AN hour later—or is it longer than that?—he emerges from the grove.

Somehow he looks different, although you cannot tell in what respect. He goes down the narrow road to the brook, passes over the rail bridge, goes slowly up the incline past the cooper's shop with the board floor, retraces his steps over the road with the wagon ruts, and enters the log cabin.

Something very strange, even extraordinary, must have happened over there among the trees. There can be no doubt about that. When you take into consideration all the appearances.



For one thing, as he comes along the road to where the brook is and up the incline leading to the log cabin, he takes no note whatever of anything around him—neither of the grass, nor the water, nor the breath of spring, nor the workers in the field with the crows following them noisily, nor the forest encircling all. He is as unconscious of these as if they did not exist. Straight ahead he presses, completely absorbed in his thoughts.

AND for another thing, he appears both very pale and very weak, as of one who has had a terrible encounter. All the color has gone from his cheeks, that before were so full of health. His legs look for all the world as if they will give way any minute and drop him down on the road. Especially is this the case when he is in the act of climbing over those rail fences. And his azure eyes have that strange, far-away look in them that you see in persons who are utterly oblivious to their surroundings. Entering the house, he walks up to the fireplace and leans against the mantel for support. His mother is putting the finishing touches on a piece of oilcloth intended for a table covering. Without looking up, she asks him about the men in the field, in the mistaken impression, evidently, that he has come from them.

He does not answer.

She repeats the question, and when he does not reply this time either, she lifts her eyes to his face. Clearly she is alarmed. She rises and goes up to him. She puts her hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"Joseph, what is the matter? Are you sick? Has anything happened?"

"I am all right, mother," he answers. "Nothing is the matter with me."

She looks into his face long and anxiously, then goes back to her painting. But her attention is divided between her work and her son, for she looks now at the one and now at the other.

Pretty soon Joseph speaks again. He says, "Mother, I have found out for myself that Presbyterianism is wrong."

Presbyterianism is the mother's church, which she has but recently

joined—not without misgivings.

A thunderclap from a clear sky.

THE mother pauses in her work and scans the boy's face curiously. She gazes about as if in bewilderment, then resumes her application of the brush to the cloth. Presently she says, without looking up—

"What was that you said just now about Presbyterianism, Joseph?"

"That it's not the true church, mother, any more than Methodism is, or any of the other churches."

She says never a word.

"I know it, mother. There is no doubt at all about it in my mind."

"But how do you know that, son?"

"In the very best of ways, mother. I know it because God has told me!"

"Joseph, my boy!"

"That is the truth, mother. I have just had a vision—and Oh, how wonderful it was!"

"Tell me about it, Joseph dear. I would like to hear about it. You know, I believe in visions and revelation, and I have often wondered why so few in the churches do."

YOU remember, mother, my telling you last week about that passage in James—"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him?" Well, I have been thinking about that verse ever since. I could not get it out of my head. It worried me very much.

"I knew I needed wisdom, if any one did, for I didn't know which of the churches to join. But as soon as I decided to pray about it, I became afraid. You know I've never prayed aloud in my life. The more I thought of it, though, the more uneasy I got. And so I made up my mind that I would put James to the test, no matter how hard it might be.

"And so this morning I went over to the grove yonder to pray, where no one would see me.

"As soon as I had knelt down and begun to pray aloud, some dreadful power from the unseen world took hold of me. It was a real person, mother. I am sure,

although I could not see him. My tongue was bound, so that I could not utter a sound; thick darkness gathered round me, so that I could not see anything; and I was thrown to the ground, unable to move. I thought my time had come, so terrible was it all. But I kept on praying in my heart for God to deliver me from this power.

JUST as I was about to give up in despair, I saw above me a bright light 'way over the tops of the trees. It was very bright—brighter than the light of the sun at noon, only different. I kept my mind on that light. For as it came down towards me, the horrible power that held me bound began to loosen its hold, and pretty soon I was free again.

"Then I saw that I was surrounded by the bright light. In the light were two Persons. They were not standing on the ground, but in the air a little off the ground in front of me. They exactly resembled each other in form and features.

"One of them said to me, 'Joseph, this is my beloved Son. Hear him.' At the same time he pointed to the other.

"As soon as I could get over my astonishment, I asked this holy Personage which of all the churches I should join.

"He said I should not join any of them, for they were all wrong. That is why I told you that Presbyterianism is not the true church, and that I knew it. Just think, mother, not any of them is right, and we all thought that some one of them must be, but didn't know which."

THE boy pauses at the idea. His face is a study, as indeed it has been all along, with its changing expressions of seriousness and joy, of distress and awe, or surprise and ecstasy. For Joseph's countenance is a perfect register of his ever-varying emotions and thoughts—which his mother, from long experience, knows how to interpret.

"What else were you told, Joseph?"

"Why, I was told that the doctrines taught by the churches are not of God at all, but of men, and that they are an abomination to him."

(Continued on page 624)

# Out of the Burning

By

IVY WILLIAMS STONE

Chapter Eight

AFTER three years in finishing school, Portia Harrison came home with an elaborate diploma. She had handiwork of hammered brass and tooled leather, painted pictures and fancy china. She spoke a little polite French, but to her father's disgust, knew nothing of *A Tale of Two Cities*. She had a loving cup for the best score in golf; she had ridden the horse that made the best hurdle jump. She had a book full of recipes for midnight lunches. Her hair had a brittle, lack-lustre appearance, showing the effect of many permanents and several attempts at tinting. Like the Curly who came down from Crow's Nest, the hair at the scalp was valiantly trying to assert its own heritage. But in spite of her gay appearance and elaborate wardrobe, Portia seemed bored, as if weary with life as she found it.

AFTER three years in training, Pamela Harrison attended a simple but impressive ceremony and emerged a graduate nurse. White uniform and black striped cap; what an enormous outlay of energy they signified! Weeks of wearying routine; unquestioning obedience; nights devoted to study when her body cried for rest. Suspense, crowned with pride; defeat, tinged with regret. In the none-too-large audience were her parents, Aunt Eunice and Doctor Locke, all reflecting pride and satisfaction. Doctor Dick, The Shadow, had obtained leave of absence for the occasion. Even Portia, who was herself just returned, came with Spike Reeves and tried not to appear bored.

A fortnight later, Pamela was called back to the hospital for her first special case. In comparison to her

previous wages, the sum of seven dollars a day seemed munificent. She felt keenly independent, almost rich, as she reported for duty.

"MISS HARRISON," the supervisor spoke crisply and impersonally, "you are fortunate to have such a simple case to begin with. There will be no operation; it is simply recuperation after verucca pedis." She handed Pamela one of the familiar charts. "The patient needs mostly to be amused," she added. "The longer he can be kept from using his feet, the better the recovery." The overtaxed supervisor turned to more serious matters, leaving Pamela to scan the chart and start her duties.

Verucca pedis! How nice to know what the term meant. Thanks to her thorough course in Latin, she

had found the medical terms no stumbling block. Verucca pedis, the simple, but possibly painful, affliction known as foot wart. It was pleasant to know the patient would be neither ether sick nor racked with pain.

B. H. Reeves. Pamela glanced at the name on the chart, but was conscious of no special significance about it. Probably some old gentleman who had been unaware of a nail in his shoe. He would want her to play endless checkers and read *Pickwick Papers*. *Seven dollars a day!* Elated and confident, Pamela pushed open the door and came face to face with Spike Reeves, her sister Portia's constant companion.

"MORNING nurse," grinned that young man, keenly enjoying her surprise, "I asked Dr. Locke to get you. I have already discharged two nurses. Do you know what is the matter with me?" He made a grimace of assumed pain.

"Verucca pedis," answered Pamela, swiftly assuming the impersonal attitude of the professional nurse. "You will have to let your feet rest for some time. Do you want your breakfast served at the right or the left of your bed?"

"I've been wearing rubber-soled golf shoes too much,"

grumbled young Mr.

Reeves. "Didn't know

what was the matter

with me at first; felt

like a thousand

needles sticking in

my feet every time

I stepped. And

in the mornings,

when I first got

up, WHOOPEE!

Now for my break-

fast," he contin-

ued. "See if you

can get me some hot

biscuits with plenty

of butter and marm-

lade. Also, grape fruit

and fried liver with

scrambled eggs. I've

had oatmeal and bran

up here sufficient for a

lifetime. Later, you



"I need you, too, Pamela."



Pamela—White uniform and black-striped cap; what an enormous outlay of energy they signified.

can read me the sport page. To think I missed that prize fight!"

BEFORE the end of the week, Pamela knew she was earning every penny of her seven dollar fee. Spike Reeves was exacting, arrogant and irritable. Pamela thought of her surmise about checker games and classics and smiled ironically. For hours she read from gorgeous-hued magazines, filled with wild, impossible tales of Western daring and romance. Spike demanded special foods, special privileges, and told his friends to disregard the hospital calling hours. Wasn't his father a director? Hadn't the old man endowed the X-ray laboratory? Surely the son of such a generous father was entitled to specific consideration.

"Do you know, Pamela," he announced one evening, interrupting the achievements of a "dead-shot lady," "I don't think I will marry Portia, after all."

"My name is Miss Harrison." Pamela felt so fed up on this impossible patient that she disregarded her training in etiquette. "And I might add that perhaps my sister Portia will not marry you." Secretly she was not so sure of Portia's decision, but she could not let this arrogant rich-man's son feel that the decision lay entirely with him.

"OH, I believe she would all right," drawled Spike with exasperating assurance. "But we are too much alike. We do nothing but play; neither one of us ever took anything seriously.

I never earned one single penny; Portia never earned a penny. Just where would we be at when there were no pennies to spend?"

"There is no law against self-support," replied Pamela. "And *verruca pedis* is not a permanent disablement."

"I hardly think Portia and I would make a go of it," persisted Spike. "Still, I rather like the family. I really think the Governor would be pleased if I switched my affections to you."

"Let's hurry through this story," Pamela hastened to make conversation, "and finish it before visiting hours. Perhaps Portia will come. Dr. Locke will be here soon, too?"

"Oh I say, Pamela," Spike Reeves half rose from his bed and reached out suddenly to embrace his fair-haired nurse, "do you know what to do until the doctor comes?" He laughed at his own quibble, but Pamela was not in her chair to receive the embrace. Instead, she stood at the foot of the bed and addressed her patient in a manner not outlined in any text on sick room etiquette.

"YOU should not have been permitted in this hospital!" she cried. "You are occupying a room which is needed by some deserving patient. *You are not ill*; many a person has *verruca* and continues with his daily tasks. A special nurse on this job is just marking time. I don't want it. I'm going to wait on people who are really sick. I don't want your old seven dollars a day! I won't stay in a room that's blue with smoke and read absurd stories to a lazy man with normal sight! I hope my sister Portia never marries you!"

This outburst was followed by a burst of tears and Pamela dashed from the room, leaving a surprised young man to meditate upon the ways of women. As Pamela had sought refuge from Bud Harrison on the sleeping porch, so she now hurried out to the roof garden, which she knew would be practically deserted at this hour.

\* \* \*

FROM his comfortable bench beside the cellar Abe Walters felt need for action. The dogs had treed a raccoon and their excited yelps demanded that he finish the job. Sighing over the

need for effort in the heat of the afternoon, Abe picked up his gun and leisurely sauntered over the hill toward the commotion. His small, barefoot son tagged, unnoticed, at his heels. A dark object near the top of a naked, dead tree was the coveted prize. Abe shouldered his gun and fired, but the raccoon did not fall.

"Wal, I just natur'ly forgot youns ca'tidges," he spoke to the gun in a mild, regretful tone. A return being too hot and weary, Abe proceeded to set fire to the tree, and sought refuge from the heat under a tree. He fully intended to watch developments; but the pleasant shade and slight breeze lulled him to sleep. He was roused from a pleasant dream by frantic screams of a child, and found little Stephen afire! The bare feet were pitifully burned, the little shirt and faded overalls a mass of flames, while the child ran screaming about, fanning the hungry flames. Obeying almost a blind instinct, Abe hurried as he had never done before and dipped the boy in the creek. But while this method effectively quenched fire, it had no healing effect upon the burned body. The little boy writhed in pain and the simple home remedies which the family had, gave no relief. Looking at his small namesake, whom he was unable to help, Steve Turner gave quick orders.

"Weuns air agoin' ter tote him down yonder ter thet thar doctor man what come up hyar ter see Granny. Curly air a workin' with him in thet thar hospetal too. Curly knows curin' ways."

So it happened, that while Pamela sought to regain her



Portia—Home from finishing school.



self-possession on the roof garden, her attention was attracted to a queer procession filing up the hospital walk. Steve Turner stalking ahead, carrying the prostrate boy; Abe Walters following, subdued and chastened. Cassy and Millie bringing up the rear, their faces swollen and reddened with tears.

Pamela forgot her own troubles and looked again to make doubly sure of the identity. There was no mistaking Steve Turner's bold, defiant stride, nor the dejected women. Pamela hurried to the elevator and met the little procession.

"Curly," Steve Turner accepted her appearance as perfectly natural, "our little boy air burned bad. Et is a powerful misery he's got, Curly. Youns an' ter that doctor must keer fur him, Curly."

"He's got misery aplenty," sobbed Cassy.

"He won't talk no more; he's thet pinin'," Millie struggled for self-control and failed miserably.

"I war awatchin' ter see thet thar coon come down," began Abe Walters, "but I nary seed the boy a follerin'. He allus wanted fire; thought et war so purty. I nary—"

"Never mind how it happened, Mr. Walters," interrupted Curly, who was again the self-possessed, efficient nurse. "Stop your crying, Millie. Doctor Locke will cure little Steve."

BUT Doctor Locke was not so optimistic. Up in the consulting room he looked exceedingly grave and shook his head as the assembled doctors gazed upon the appalling sight of the naked burns. "Mighty bad, mighty bad," he muttered, inwardly raving at the man who had dipped the child in the creek. "Hardly know what to do."

"Shall we try ambarbine?" suggested one surgeon.

"Burns are too deep," replied Doctor Locke. "Wouldn't do any good."

"O Dad, let me take the case," urged the shadow. "I feel sure I could do it with the saline spray, you know."

"Too severe," cautioned another physician.

"I'd keep him under morphine," urged Doctor Dick. "Let me take the case, Dad. There's only one chance in a thousand that the boy will live, but there's that chance."

"It will be a long, expensive battle," cautioned Dr. Locke.

"There would be no doctor's fee," added Doctor Dick.

"And there would be no nurse's fee," put in Pamela. "I have just left my last and first case." Doctor Locke shot her a quick, understanding grin. "Hope he has to walk home," he muttered under his breath, which was an honest, if unprofessional, wish.

"There will be drugs and medicines and a private room."

"I shall ask my father," Pamela had a happy thought.

UNDER the skeptical eyes of the hospital staff, Doctor Dick and Nurse Harrison took charge of the mountain boy case. They knew he would die. If he chanced to live, he could never walk; he would be a burden for that poor family, and eventually the state. His knee ligaments would shorten, the arms would wither.

Just as Judge Harrison was about to retire that night, he had an unexpected visit from his daughter Pamela. Excitedly she explained her urgent need for money; described the pitiful condition of the child until Echo sobbed openly and offered her small savings. Portia, though none too happy that Pamela was caring for Spike Reeves, (as she supposed), appeared interested and less bored.

"I need money. You will help, won't you Father?"

"Such an act of utter stupidity is what one might expect from an ignorant mountaineer," muttered Judge Harrison. "I suppose he went to sleep and the child fell into the burning tree. And then to submerge him in water!"

"But Dad, the cause of the burns is immaterial; it's the cure I want. I've got to have help. If you won't, I'll—"

"Who said I wouldn't help?" snapped Judge Harrison. "Go and tend the child, Pamela, if that's what it takes to make you happy. Tell the hospital superintendent that Judge Harrison will pay all bills you approve. I was going to buy you a little car, but if this is your choice—"

"A thousand times!" cried Pamela joyously, and with a hasty kiss for each of them, she was gone.

"If any two people can save that child, it will be my boy and

that nurse," boasted old Doctor Locke the next day, when the saline treatment was under way. "They'll make one wonderful team."

PAMELA immediately found all the opportunity she had craved for real service. Every two hours for seven weeks the body of little Stephen Walters was subjected to the saline treatment, a spray of salt water at a moderate temperature. The bed coverings were suspended from a center rod, the bed warmed with numerous light globes. The child lay under the soothing influence of a sedative, regaining consciousness only occasionally to eat, and then again sank into stupor. The pinch graft, consisting of small disks of flesh composed of seven layers of skin, was a source of much conjecture and skepticism; this young doctor certainly had faith in his new ideas! Finally, as if in answer to Pamela's prayer, Doctor Dick announced one morning in an off-hand manner, as if he were speaking of the weather, "Glad to say, Miss Harrison, that the grafts took. Ninety-six per cent of them are good. The child will live."

Ninety-six per cent successful! The news spread, and those who had been so skeptical came hurrying to see the marvelous cure. The news crept out, making a name for a young surgeon almost over night.

"Told you they were a good team," beamed Doctor Locke, as if the results were exactly what he had expected.

WHEN he regained normal consciousness, the nervous condition of the mountain child was augmented by fear of new surroundings. He screamed for Granny until Pamela discarded her uniform for a dull gray dress, similar to those to which he was accustomed, and she now spoke only in the mountain dialect.

Her soothing tones of "Youns sure has got a misery, son," produced more results than medicine. As fear of shortened ligaments necessitated the stretching of the injured leg with weights, Pamela found her ability taxed to the utmost. She invented tales which would appeal to his knowledge of life. She slept on a cot in his room, taking her meals with him.

For days no substitute could relieve her from the exacting strain. Millie and Cassy came to the door, saw his emaciated form and left sobbing. The affections of the child were transferred entirely to the ever-present nurse. Pamela invented a game called "graft daisies," weaving delightful tales about the red fields they left, and the white blossoms they became in their new lodging places on the red, inflamed limbs.

AFTER ten weeks, Doctor Dick announced again, "The child will walk. You should be relieved soon now, Miss Harrison. The important work is over."

"Say, Dad," Doctor Dick declared to his father as they drove homeward that night, "that boy put up some fight."

"Some nurse," came the laconic answer. "Wonder it didn't wear her out."

"She ought to have a rest, Dad."

"Well, son, give it to her."

"It takes money to marry these days, Dad."

"Money be hanged!" cried Doctor Locke impatiently. "From the day I knew she was the lost Harrison twin, I wanted her for you. She's got good blood and better training. She won't ever use money as her measuring rod. Walking away from an easy job on good pay to this mountain boy, with no wages at all, proved that. Besides I've never had a chance to spend my earnings, excepting in educating one boy and forgetting to send bills. If I could find a nice young man, a promising M. D. who has started to make a name for himself, and who was about to be married, I don't know but what I would send him on a honeymoon to Vienna, so he could study a bit more."

"But there's that young Reeves, Dad. I know he likes her."

"Yeh, maybe so—maybe. But I happen to know she returned the check for a week's wages which his father sent her."

YOUNG Doctor Dick grinned at his father, understandingly. Then as man to man they gripped each other's hands. "I'll see if I can fill your specifications about that ocean trip," added Doctor Dick.

That evening Doctor Dick made

his rounds, leaving the mountain boy to the last. Then taking a night nurse with him, he went into the small square that had housed Pamela so closely for ten weeks.

"Miss Harrison, here is a substitute for the night. Tomorrow your little charge will be moved out to Harrison Home, to gain strength before returning home. Miss Eunice has agreed to keep him as long as necessary."

"I ain't never goin' ter leave Curly," volunteered little Steve. "Look, Doctor, how I can pull my leg up."

"Those sentiments are contagious, young fellow. Come up on the roof garden, Miss Harrison, for a breath of fresh air."

FROM the vantage point of the elevated porch the twinkling lights of the city looked enticing. Pamela breathed deeply and stretched her arms out to the darkness. "I have stayed in too closely," she admitted, "but that poor child needed me so!"

"I need you, too, Pamela," whispered Doctor Dick. "I need you for more than ten weeks, or ten months, or ten years. I need you forever!"

"Oh!" breathed Pamela quickly.

"Tell me," demanded Doctor Dick growing suddenly stern, "why did you run away from Spike Reeves and come up here to cry?"

"Because he wanted to marry me," admitted Pamela. For the third time the tears were again imminent. "I don't want to marry the son of a mountaineer, nor the son of an over-rich man!"

"If you cry every time you receive a proposal, you'd better open the flood gates again," came the prompt rejoinder, "because I'm asking you to marry me, a penniless young doctor with only a career started. I love you, Pamela, because you have stood the fires of privation, poverty, self-education, and have been unspoiled by later affluence. I love you because you work for the love of the work. We made a successful team with that little shaver. Won't you team with me forever?"

SOMEHOW Pamela felt no need for flight as she had done with Bud Turner. She felt no need to lecture Doctor Dick

as she had chastened young Benjamin Harold Reeves. She now stood still, possessed of a great flooding peace and contentment. For moments she made no response, and the time seemed like eternity to the impatient lover.

"We made a good team, Pamela," he prompted.

"I'll try to nurse for you always, Dick," whispered Pamela, "without wages." Doctor Dick stooped and kissed the golden curls that had never known an iron. "How marvelously you came out of the burning of life," he muttered. "Dad will send us to Vienna on a honeymoon, Pamela. I shall study and you can poke around and learn more history."

THE next morning Pamela moved her small charge from the hospital to Harrison Home. It was pleasant to loiter, pushing the invalid chair along the shady walks. Presently Spike Reeves drove past, saw her and immediately returned.

"In spite of my nurse's neglect my feet got well," he smiled.

Pamela flushed, but remembering her new estate she took courage and replied,

"Had you been really ill, your nurse would never have left you."

"That little lecture did me a world of good, Miss Harrison. And I want to tell you about it. I thought your running away was a stall—girls do that often, you know. I felt sure you would come back. So I didn't ring. I just waited; and waited and waited! When I finally rang, nobody came, so I had to get up and walk. Now I'm going to work. Honest. Dad thinks it's just a big bluff, but I mean business. I like it, really. I'm beginning at the bottom. Oh, and by the way, someday, may I call you other than Miss Harrison?"

"Someday, yes," Pamela wondered how news traveled so rapidly.

"Well, if Portia continues stubborn, it won't ever be sister Pamela."

"Oh," breathed Pamela with double relief, "do you mean that my sister Portia has refused to marry you?"

SPIKE smiled his assent. "She has done just that

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# The Historicity of Jesus

By DR. WILLIAM J. SNOW  
*Of the Brigham Young University*

IN THE March *Improvement Era*, J. M. Sjodahl presents a rather timely and suggestive article on Jesus as an Historical Personage. Perhaps some further elaboration of this subject would be helpful to many of the readers of the *Era*. At least the question raised for discussion is one that has confronted the Christian world in recent years and aroused controversy as to the evidence in the case.

The writer of this brief article had this matter forcibly called to his attention when, in answer to a phone call a short time ago, he received the query, "Do you know of any proof outside the New Testament that Jesus ever lived?" Further discussion disclosed the fact that an energetic teacher of a senior class in Mutual had been challenged by this very question. Having perfect faith in the life and mission of Jesus Christ, the teacher had never entertained a thought that doubts of his historicity existed anywhere.

HOWEVER, it is generally known among students of comparative religions and of the Genesis of Christianity, that the whole gospel story has been challenged and seriously discussed for more than half a century. Fortunately, for doubting Thomases and happily for those who, with faith unshaken, still desire to see their assurances confirmed by extra Biblical evidence, the scholars quite generally both in Europe and America have reached the conclusion that the traditional story of Christ's life is essentially true, that he did actually live, and that his influence has reached down through the centuries to the present. Says Carpenter, an English scholar of great renown who still remains in the camp of the skeptics, "Nevertheless, I need hardly remark that large and learned as the body of opinion here represented is," (he has been quoting authorities who purport to prove

the Jesus story a myth) "a still larger (but less learned body) fight desperately for the actual historicity of Jesus."<sup>1</sup>

IT probably can be said that this larger body is constantly increasing. Hopkins of Yale, an Assyrian scholar and profound student of unquestioned learning declares emphatically, "The story of Christ is no myth."<sup>2</sup> This is typical of Bible scholars whose sole desire is to set forth the truth deduced after carefully evaluating the evidence.

It is apropos at this point to suggest the basis of the negative position. There are two grounds of attack; one growing out of and depending for its validity upon the other. The basic assumption then is that since there is so little mention of Jesus outside the New Testament story the probability is that he is an invention of Christian writers. Arthur Drews, a professor in the University of Karlsruhe,<sup>3</sup> wrote a book in 1910 entitled "The Christ Myth." In this work he mentions the German, Bauer, as contending that Jesus was a pure invention of Mark's. Then follows a discussion of the legendary theory and the authorities who have given a reasoned exposition of this theory. Among them is the American, W. Benjamin Smith, author of "The Pre-Christian Jesus." (1906).

BRIEFLY then, what is the theory? It is based essentially upon the fact that Christianity evolved in a world in which belief in a Savior God was general. To satisfy the longing of the people for a religion of redemption, various pre-Christian Saviors had appeared. These Savior Gods came to earth, took bodies, died and were resurrected and finally

were to return to raise the dead and annihilate all evil. Such were Adonis, Osiris, Ceyble, Krishna, and Mithra. The last named was miraculously born from a rock, came with a great redeeming light like the sun, initiated devotees by lustrations of water and blood (baptism), brought his earthly career to an end in a last supper; and then ascended to heaven where he continued his supernatural help to his devotees, and from whence he would come to resurrect and redeem them all in the last days.<sup>4</sup>

Now these various deities, accompanied as they were by mysterious cults and practices, were nevertheless mythical; they had no actual existence. Christianity, arising in a world filled with such beliefs, must likewise have a founder, hence Christ, the Messiah, was invented.<sup>5</sup> Such was the argument. Case faces all these arguments fairly and estimates their value. He says, "When all the evidence brought against Jesus' historicity is surveyed it is found to contain no elements of strength. All theories that would explain the rise of the New Testament literature by making it a purely fictitious product, fail."<sup>6</sup>

NOW as to the evidence of lay historians in the Roman world. It must be admitted there are but few authenticated references. This is not to be wondered at, however, as an obscure character in a remote part of the Roman empire would not arouse great interest or concern among Pagan writers. Moreover, it must be

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<sup>1</sup>For an interesting discussion of this subject see Angus, S., "Mystery Religions and Christianity," *passim*. Cf. Case, Shirley Jackson, "Experience with the Supernatural in Early Christian Times," Chap. IV—*Heroic Redeemers*.

<sup>2</sup>Carpenter op. cit. pp. 210-221. Cf. Case, Shirley Jackson, "The Historicity of Jesus," Chapters II, III, and IV.

<sup>3</sup>See Case op. cit. pp. 130-132. Case allows the leading negative scholars to play their trump cards and then turns the trick with scholarly evidence.

<sup>4</sup>Hopkins, E. Washburn—"History of Religions," p. 552.

<sup>5</sup>Vide Carpenter, op-cit, p. 209.



# The M. I. A. Slogan for 1930

*This address prepared and delivered by Cyril Curtis, an Eagle Scout of Downey, Idaho, Portneuf Stake, won first place in the M Men's public speaking contest.—Editors.*

**I**N the midst of all the problems that confront us as Latter-day Saints, surely no problem is of greater magnitude than the "Preservation of our Heritage." What an inspiring and timely theme!

In discussing this all-important subject I wish to treat upon three points:

First: Of what does our heritage consist?

Second: How has our heritage come to us?

Third: What must we do to preserve and enlarge upon our heritage?

**N**OW to get back to the first point. Of what does our heritage consist? Could we not say that it consists of all that has come to us from our forefathers, both of a spiritual and temporal nature? From our forefathers we have inherited strong, healthy bodies. The Gospel of Jesus Christ in its fulness and power is ours as an inheritance.

No people in all the world have received such wonderful blessings as have the Latter-day Saints. I wonder if we realize what our heritage means to us? Perhaps we would better appreciate its value if we take up the second point of the discussion which is: How has our heritage come to us? Briefly we may say that it has come through the toil and sacrifice of others. No great good has ever been accomplished without great effort, unselfish love and sacrifice on the part of someone or some group of persons. The Master himself is the greatest example that we have. His life was one of trial and suffering. His sacrifice was supreme, and he left to us our greatest heritage, even the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We must not forget that both in former and in latter days our spiritual heritage comes to us sanctified through blood and tears.

Our political heritage is the result of ages of toil for freedom and liberty. It is hallowed and glorious. It took the noblest



CYRIL CURTIS

minds, and cost the best blood of the centuries to bring it to us. Were it not for the brave, courageous souls of past ages we might still be under bondage of serfdom, forced to bow as slaves to nobility, forced to toil, forced to worship. Do we appreciate what our democracy means and are we willing to do our part in preserving it?

**W**E have the heritage of our wonderful bodies simply because our progenitors lived a higher law, a law that if obeyed promised them that they should "run and not be weary," that they should "walk and not faint," and that "great treasures of knowledge" should be theirs "even hidden treasures." It took ideals and perseverance on the part of our parents to build and keep their bodies strong and pure. They were non-indulgent and temperate in their habits. They sacrificed their appetites and selfish desires that their bodies might become fit abodes in which a godly spirit might dwell. Our bodies have been bought with a price, and are a blessed inheritance. It is our sacred duty to keep them pure and undefiled, for "he who defiles his body, him will God destroy."

Indeed we have a glorious her-

itage; it has come through the toil, suffering and sacrifice of many generations. Our paramount duty, then, is to preserve and enlarge upon it, which brings us to the last point of this discussion. The first is: Of what does our heritage consist? The second point is: How has it come to us, and the third, last and most important is: What must we do to preserve and enlarge upon our heritage?

**I**F we expect to preserve our heritage we must obey the same laws and principles that brought these blessings to us. We are said by the world to be a peculiar people. Our heritage has made us so. We must maintain our identity and peculiarity, even if it does cause persecution, for it is a great blessing. It is the result of the habits and ideals that we pursue, of the principles that we teach and the laws that we obey.

In the final analysis, the preservation of our heritage depends solely upon our willingness to obey the law. We must obey the laws of the land, and teach law observance in the home, the school and the church. This teaching must be done by example, as well as by precept. We should create love and respect for law, and should elect and support officers who will enforce the law. Only by obedience to law can our political heritage be preserved.

**I**F we expect to preserve and perpetuate strong, healthy bodies we must live in harmony with the laws of health. We make a mistake when we say that we break the laws of nature and therefore suffer ill health. We do not and cannot break the laws of nature, but rather we disregard the law and nature breaks us; and so it is with all the laws of God.

If we maintain our spiritual heritage we must inculcate in our hearts a knowledge and testimony of the Gospel. Testimonies have been the motive power by which

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# We Stand for the Preservation of our Heritage Through Obedience to Law

*Miss Louise Barton, of Preston, Idaho, (Franklin Stake) won first place in the Gleaner Girls' public speaking contest with this address.—Editors.*

LONG before America was known to the European—before Europe itself was known to civilized men—long before the days of Romulus and Remus or the Golden age of Greece, great multitudes of civilized people lived along the Nile, and in the valleys of Mesopotamia. They built canals, good roads, planted seeds, they domesticated animals. They wrote books, and built temples of learning and worship. In some of the arts, they have never been surpassed; in some of the sciences they were right on the verge of great discoveries. For the time in which these ancients lived, their heritage was indeed a rich one.

BUT all their great monuments to the brawn and brain of men have perished, and the little knowledge we have of them has come to us from the patient shovel of the archaeologist. History tells us that one civilization after another has risen and fallen, in each case leaving little of value to their successor—so little in fact, that whenever men began the upward climb once more, they were always compelled to start at the bottom. Such has been a large part of the history of mankind. So often has it been repeated that today men are attempting to prove that nations, like individuals, must become old, decay, and eventually die. Gloomy prophets are in our nation today prophesying that the seeds of death are among us, that people cannot long endure civilization, that the story of the ancients shall become the story of the moderns, that our own achievements added to that of our rich heritage shall all vanish away.

Happily however, there are also



LOUISE BARTON

those among us who have great faith in the future, an intelligent faith which acknowledges the dangers confronting mankind, but denies the assertion that our civilization must perish simply because similar tragedies have repeatedly come upon all civilizations of the past. We should listen to these happier prophets before accepting the philosophy of the gloomy ones, for no one ever had so much to lose as we, no one ever had so much left to them as the Americans of today.

NOT only has much been passed on to us but we were born into this world having a greater expectation of life. A generation ago, the expectation of life was but 40 years; today it is over 60. The marvels of aseptic surgery and the knowledge and practice of personal and public hygiene have given us these additional years of life. Many diseases whose very names struck terror into the hearts

of our grandparents have been stamped out from all civilized communities. Typhoid and diphtheria no longer attack civilized man with the regularity of the seasons. Yellow fever and malaria are no longer controlled by the uncertain limiting factors of geography.

Additional years of life would not have been a great blessing to many of the ancients. More life would have meant more years of slavery, longer subjection to cruelty, hope longer deferred. But it is not so with modern man. Our labor and suffering have not increased proportionately with the expectation of life. Modern science has created mechanical slaves for us. The old Periclean law of Athens granted each citizen the right to own 5 slaves. Every inhabitant of the United States has today at his disposal the power equivalent to 150 slaves, slaves that never get tired, that never rise up and massacre their masters; slaves that do not cry for food when they are idle; thus, men in every field of industry whether it be in agriculture or manufacturing, find themselves with more and more leisure time, leisure time in which to enjoy the pleasure of the automobile, the joy of the radio, the comforts derived from electrical appliances. Today these are all within the reach of the common American, and yet the Caesars of Rome, in all their might and glory, were strangers to such comforts and delights.

WEALTH, power and leisure have oftentimes brought destruction to the lives of many promising young men and women. Operating alone and unguided by spiritual ideals and religious truths, they have often been the

forerunners of national decay and ruin. But America did not have material prosperity and leisure time lavishly bestowed upon her unaccompanied by spiritual truths. Our national structure has been built upon the sure foundation of lofty ideals. The major settlements in the early days of America were made by emigrants who were fleeing from the intolerance and bigotry of the old world. Their ideals of religious freedom and universal brotherhood found expression in their early constitutions and charters, and finally were embodied in the Federal Constitution—the greatest document ever written for the insurance of human rights and liberties.

Domestic and foreign enemies claim that America is money mad and that she has forsaken the ideals of her forefathers; but this statement is untrue. All the world knows that America, the rich and mighty, was the friend to starving Belgium and to all the other unfortunates of war-ravaged Europe. During post-war times her agents of mercy and salvation visited the suffering children of all European peoples, regardless of their nationality or their religion. In many cases she blessed the children of her late enemies. Millions of healthy young men and women living in Europe and Asia today have good reasons for being thankful to America, the generous—America, the land blessed with the richest material and spiritual heritage of any nation that has ever existed upon God's footstool.

IF we are to deny the gloomy assertion that our civilization must perish like all civilizations of the past, then we should keep in mind a definite plan for its preservation. Obedience to the law is the plan we should follow, for the civil laws of a nation are the experiences of that nation codified for the enlightenment of its citizens and for the protection of their lives and property. Obedience to the law will preserve our heritage, for our enemies are within our borders and not elsewhere. Modern science has made us immune from the dangers of savage or barbarous invasions. Neither should we fear England's naval supremacy or Japan's rapid strides in Western culture. The world war proved that we are quite capable of coping with any enemy that might

rise up against us from outside our borders.

The ones we have need to fear are those who call themselves Americans, but at the same time refuse to obey the laws of America. They are the dangerous enemies of our republic—they and they alone have the power to turn back the hands of progress; no one else can rob us of our heritage.

AND when we speak of the lawless we should not limit our observations to that ever-increasing army of drug-peddlers and wholesale rum-runners who frequently terrorize whole sections of our great cities and miles of our coast lines with the rattle of their machine guns and the roar of their bombs as they contest their strength and wits against the servants of decent society. America has a greater enemy than these—he is Mr. Respectable citizen who does not kill or steal, but through his evil example of breaking the minor laws, which he finds distasteful or inconvenient, he places all law in a state of contempt.

It has not been so long since Americans had a respect for civil law which in many cases was akin to reverence. Citizens were shocked when they learned that a member of a good family had broken the law; and the offender was immediately ostracized from decent society. But it appears that that day is rapidly passing. Parents break traffic laws with their families seated beside them in the car. Children know that their father received a silver hip-flask for Christmas, and he jokes at the dinner table about his new bootlegger. It is Mr. Respectable citizen of this type who must be convinced of the danger in his actions if our heritage is to be preserved. If his evil examples are continued without some voluntary check on his part he will soon represent the majority of this nation, for his name is legion.

THE final winners in the M Men and Gleaner Girls' public speaking contest have come into competition, directly or indirectly, with many hundreds of young people, all filled with a commendable ambition to win recognition. All were winners. They gained knowledge and experience; they learned self-control. The only ones belonging to these groups who lost were those who did not enter the contests.

FOR our heritage to be preserved the good citizens in every community must willingly keep all the laws—the laws they like and the laws they dislike. If our nation is long to endure, if the rich gifts of the present age are to be handed on to the millions yet unborn, then American citizens must dedicate their lives to a willing obedience to the laws of their country.

We, the Latter-day Saints, have had this plan for preservation embodied within our faith from the very beginning. Our prophets have taught us to obey the laws of America, for this land is sacred in the sight of God. This is Zion, the place of refuge,—whose King is Christ.

WE, the youth of Zion, should be the last of American citizens to break the laws. Law breaking by us is something more than criminal and being disloyal to a great nation—it is sinful and sacrilegious, it is insulting to our noble forefathers. If we will but listen we will hear a thousand voices calling to us from the past—the voices of martyrs, prophets and pioneers. They are calling to us to preserve our heritage, their gift to us.

From this great multitude of departed souls, we hear the voices of dust-covered and weary soldiers as they march across the Nevada desert. They are the remnants of the Mormon Battalion who closed their ears to the seductive voice of Mammon calling them to the gold fields of California, and they traveled on to the great basin where the voice of God awaited them.

From the mighty chorus of the past there also swells to us the voices of men, women and children who are toiling along in weariness and painfulness—as they trudge over the grave-marked plains of western America. They are the refugees from Nauvoo, they are the God-gathered of Israel—from the countries of Northern Europe—they are our grandparents.

They are calling to us, not to endure the hardships which they endured, but to remain true to the faith and true to America, the land they loved. In unison their voices come to us saying "You have the greatest material and spiritual heritage God ever granted to any people. Preserve it by obeying the law."



# Some Fall Upon Stony Places

By STANLEY D. JONASSON

THERE are great things which proclaim the Creator, there are countless little things that proclaim him too; a little seed becomes the giant tree, another becomes the dainty violet by its base.

I want to tell you about a tiny seed that came into the closing story of a noted woman's life. This woman had developed her talents to such a wonderful degree that she became a leader among men and women. Her home town, Hanover, Germany, was proud of its daughter. Her fame spread throughout the length and breadth of Europe. She was held in such high esteem by the great and near great that even royalty bowed to her.

FOR her brilliant success she gave not the least credit to God, but took all the glory to herself. She scoffed at religion and declared:

"There was no before, there is but now, and there is no hereafter."

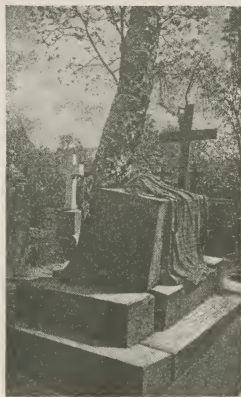
She even went so far as to put in her will the dimensions of her burial place, how it should be made of heavy masonry and stone, and how immense blocks of stone, sealed and attached one to another by strong iron bands, should cover the tomb. So strong and tight should this vault be made that she boastfully announced:

"When so made, no power from above or below can open my grave."

TIME sped on and this woman went the way of all flesh—she died.

Her funeral was one that the inhabitants long remembered; it was held with all the pomp and honor that a worshipping public could give to a famous personage.

The place of burial was made exactly as she had commanded in her will. There were the impregnable walls of stone and masonry.



THE OPEN GRAVE

After the coffin was lowered the solid walls were covered with huge slabs of stone and bound together with powerful iron bands. As people passed by, they said within themselves:

"Surely, all the elements combined cannot open that grave."

ALL was over. Within the quiet cemetery, the silent city of the dead, nothing moved. But a little seed fell from its mother

tree nearby, and lodged in a tiny crevice of the monument to the dead. Here it found a suitable home, and the elements nourished it. After a time this little seed began to swell. A miniature tree followed this development. First it was no bigger than a blade of grass, but not long thereafter it reached a size that a boy might cut down for a plaything. It was as completely ignored as were the silent remains sleeping below the stone. It became a sapling, then a healthy young birch tree. As years went by it began to broaden and show strength and power. Still it grew and grew till it burst those iron bands, pushed aside the huge stones and left an open grave—putting to naught the words:

"There is no power in heaven or on earth."

THE tree leans over and against the largest of the stones, and where the bark has come in contact with and been bruised by the hard rock, large bumps have formed on either side, like human shoulders, pushing.

With the passing of years many people have visited this spot and viewed this wonder with mingled feelings. All have been impressed with the unusual circumstances by which a grave which was to remain forever sealed, was torn open by a tiny seed. Unbelievers have sneered at the suggestion that any higher power was involved in the matter. Others, of a more serious nature, have seen in this occurrence a fulfillment of that which was written by the prophets, that "the weak things of the world shall come forth and break down the mighty and strong ones."

As I looked on this spectacle, I could not refrain from asking:

"Oh Tree, from whom did you receive the incentive to put to shame the words of the haughty unbeliever?"

As I looked upwards for an answer, I noticed that its topmost branches pointed toward heaven.

## O Breeze that Bloweth

(At the interment of a dear friend who died at noon on Mother's Day, May 13, 1928.)

O BREEZE that bloweth through the trees,  
O'er everything the vision sees,  
From dull roofs to anemones,  
Blow you in realms above?

O breeze of earth with boundaries fixed,  
Can thought go with you intermixed,  
A leaping thought that vaults between  
And speaks with those we love?  
—Kate Thomas.



THE LIBERTY JAIL

# From the Green Mountains to the Rockies

By JOHN D. GILES

*Member of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A.*

**B**EFORE we leave Winter Quarters, which was barely mentioned in the previous installment, there are some items of interest worthy of attention. It will be remembered that the principal exodus from Nauvoo was in the early winter of 1846. The Saints crossed the Mississippi into Iowa and then made their way across that state to the banks of the Missouri at Kanesville, now Council Bluffs. Later they crossed the river and established themselves at the place we know as Winter Quarters, the thought of President Young evidently being that the Saints should remain there for the winter and then continue westward as had been predicted by Joseph Smith.

The rigors of that Iowa winter exacted a terrific toll in suffering and loss of life. I have been at Omaha when the thermometer registered twelve degrees below zero and can understand something of the suffering that would follow such temperature in that section

*(Author's note: Previous installments of this travelogue have told of visits to prominent places in early Church history. The installment in the April issue left us at Winter Quarters. It was stated at the outset that no attempt was to be made to follow chronological order or other sequence, but that during the series the more important places connected with the early days of the Church would be covered).*

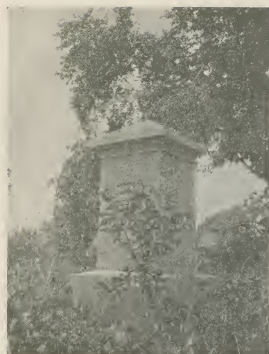


"Council" Tree at Winter Quarters,  
Nebraska.

among people who were totally unprepared for such an experience.

**I**T will be remembered that the Saints literally had been driven from their homes in Nauvoo in the late fall and had with them only such accommodations as could be hurriedly gathered together and carried away in such conveyances as were available under those extremely trying conditions.

Mute evidence of the terrors of that winter—1846-47—is contained in the inscription bolted to an old tree stump at the entrance to what is known as the "old Mormon cemetery" in the suburb of Omaha which was formerly the town of Florence, and before that Winter Quarters. The inscription



Monument at Grave of Oliver Cowdery,  
at Richmond, Ray County, Missouri.

conveys the information that there are buried six hundred of Nebraska's first white settlers. No mention is made of the fact that they were "Mormons;" in fact the only reminder remaining of the fact that the town was established by the Saints is a side street called "Mormon" street, the spelling either intentionally or otherwise being incorrect.

THE little cemetery, located on a bluff overlooking the Missouri river and above the site of the town, is maintained by the Daughters of the American Revolution. At the time of the civil war and later, soldiers were buried there and for this reason this body of women interested themselves in it. It is fairly well kept and is pointed out as one of the early landmarks in the tourist guides published in the city.

In Winter Quarters, or the Florence section of Omaha as it is today, there is another interesting landmark. In the public park is a large tree known to the people as the "council" tree. The story is told to visitors that the tree was planted by Brigham Young in the early spring of 1847, before the pioneers started west. As it grew it became a beautiful, spreading tree with thirteen branches. Some years ago, the story relates, some dissenters from the Church went to the park under cover of darkness and cut off one of the limbs, signifying that they were cutting Brigham Young off the Church. This left twelve branches and they called it the

"Twelve Apostles" or "Council" Tree. Regardless of the amusing story of the cutting off the thirteenth branch it seems to be a well-established tradition that Brigham Young actually planted the tree before the Saints began their westward trek.

AT HOME on the west side of the park is pointed out as having been built by Brigham Young and later used as the headquarters of his followers in outfitting for the journey west. There appears to be considerable doubt that President Young built the house, although it may have been used by the Saints after the first pioneers left for the west. If it was it was undoubtedly after



Monument at Grave of David Whitmer,  
at Richmond, Ray County, Missouri.

1851, as the following will indicate:

When President Young and the exiles reached Kanesville (now Council Bluffs) on the east banks of the Missouri, which at this point is the dividing line between Iowa on the east and Nebraska on the west, they remained there but a short time and then moved across the river and established Winter Quarters. At that time there were no white men living on the west side of the river. Naturally the Saints selected the choicest location possible for their winter camp. It was later

learned, however, that the land they had selected belonged to the Omaha Indians. When this fact became known and the Indians claimed their lands the Saints recrossed the river and returned to Kanesville.

AS far as can be learned, when they left Winter Quarters there were no buildings there, as President Young had never intended, apparently, that a permanent settlement should be made in that place. It was to be what its name indicated—Winter Quarters. Accordingly, when the Saints left, "Winter Quarters" as a settlement really passed out of existence.

Later, about 1851, negotiations were concluded with the Omahas and the site was again occupied by the Saints, but under the name of Florence, although for many years, and by some until now, it has been called Winter Quarters. When the city of Omaha, which was established directly south of Florence, expanded, it reached and finally engulfed the smaller city which became a part of Omaha. This accounts for the fact that Florence is not to be found on maps published in later years. Street cars marked "Florence" are the only reminder of the city that played such a spectacular part in early pioneer history. At Council Bluffs, directly across the river from Omaha, another cemetery tells a story of the heroism and sacrifice of the pioneers. I had gone there to seek information regarding the grave of my great-grandfather who was buried there in 1856. The sexton informed me that this cemetery was likely the place I was looking for, as "Many Momons and Indians" had been buried there in the early days.



Court House at Richmond, Ray County, Missouri.



We started a search of the old records and found the name Giles in several places, but with dates that were not as early as we were looking for. Finally we came to the name again, at a very early date, but the owner was classified as a negro. I concluded that we had gone far enough and had better stop before matters got worse.

JUST outside the cemetery is a beautiful monument marking the spot where Abraham Lincoln stood when he designated Council Bluffs as the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific railroad which has played such an important part in the development of Utah and the west. With the coming in of the railroad, the days of the ox-team, the hand-cart and the covered wagon were numbered. The long, tedious march over the thousand miles of prairie and mountain country was no longer necessary. Pullman trains now make the trip in little more than twenty-four hours, which took the first pioneers three months.

FURTHER down the Missouri valley are other points of unusual interest in "Mormon" history. Leaving Kansas City, in Jackson County, crossing the Missouri river and traveling northeast, a short trip by auto or inter-urban car brings us to Liberty in Clay County, the city of tragic memory as far as our people are concerned. Apparently the present inhabitants of Liberty know little and care nothing of the story of the Saints as it is connected with the community. It was with considerable difficulty that the site of the old Liberty jail was located. Few persons in the community

seemed to know anything about the jail and the tragedies enacted within its walls.

Only the fact that we had secured some information in advance enabled us to find the place. Inquiry among business men, in stores and hotels, brought only blank stares and no information. Finally in the post office some information was given us.

THE site of the old jail was finally located, just north of the Presbyterian church. The old building, of course, no longer stands, but the floor is still there. In comparatively recent years a cottage has been erected on the site and in the building of it, the floor of the old jail was retained and



Monument at Grave of General Doniphan, at Liberty, Missouri.

walls. We were also permitted to take chips of stone as relics, the stone having crumbled and chipped in some places.

THE impressive thing in the visit to Liberty, aside from the jail site itself was that the old hatreds and prejudices have not been perpetuated, but seem to have been entirely forgotten.

Our visit to Liberty happened to be on Decoration day. Having some time to spare between trains, we strolled toward the cemetery where a typical small-town celebration of the day was in progress. The entire populace seemed to be in the cemetery where exercises were being carried on. We were attracted to a large monument, the largest in the cemetery. We learned that it had been erected in honor of General Doniphan, a friend of the early Church leaders and their attorney in some of the pretended trials with which the Saints were continually harrassed in the efforts of their enemies to drive them from the state of Missouri.

Mr. Doniphan later fought with the United States forces in the Mexican war and was made a general, distinguishing himself in action and winning high honors. In the autobiography of Parley P. Pratt, the statement is made that "Mr. Doniphan advised the Saints to make no defense of the charges against them, for, said he, though a legion of angels from the opening heavens should declare your innocence the court and



Monument at Grave of Martin Harris, at Clarkston, Cache County, Utah.

used as the floor of the basement of the house. The stones which remained of the walls were used for the foundation, leaving some trace of the old building.

The floor upon which the Prophet Joseph and his brethren were compelled to lie was made of stones, smoothed off enough for the purpose. They show many years of wear and in some cases, being of soft texture, hollows an inch or more deep have been worn in the stones. The woman who resides in the cottage kindly permitted us to visit the basement and examine the floors and



Cemetery at Council Bluffs, where many "Mormon" emigrants were buried.

the populace have decreed your destruction."

AT Richmond, the county seat of Ray county, there are points of interest of extraordinary importance. This typical Missouri city in its early days was the scene of some of the most terrible persecutions our people were called upon to endure. Here also are the graves of two of the three witnesses of the Book of Mormon. In the old cemetery, now practically abandoned and overgrown with weeds and shrubs, is the grave of Oliver Cowdery, marked by a beautiful monument erected by the Church, under the direction of the late Junius F. Wells.

The monument, as shown in the accompanying photograph, is not only beautiful, but is also very impressive. It was erected to honor, not only Oliver Cowdery, at whose grave it stands, but also to honor Joseph Smith and the other two witnesses. On either side at the base, the names of Joseph Smith and the three witnesses have been engraved. On the monument proper, one side is inscribed to Joseph Smith and his mission in organizing the Church and two sides are occupied by the testimony of the three witnesses, every word of that testimony having been carved in the granite of the monument. The fourth side is inscribed to Oliver Cowdery as one of the three witnesses and to the Book of Mormon. The old cemetery in which it stands is, unfortunately out of the way and rarely visited, but those who do visit it are given a strong testimony of the divinity of the Nephite record, the work of Joseph Smith and his associates and of the Gospel they taught.

RICHMOND is the city in which David Whitmer passed the last years of his life and where he lies buried. His grave is in the new cemetery in another part of the town. A modest monument marks the spot, but its testimony is nevertheless impressive. Although, as will be recalled by those familiar with our history, David Whitmer left the Church, he never at any time denied his testimony. On the contrary, to the day of his death he maintained the truth of his statement.

What is probably the best evidence of his sincerity in giving

and maintaining his testimony regarding the Book of Mormon is contained on the monument which marks his last resting place. At his own request, made on his death bed, two books surmount the monument, the Bible and the Book of Mormon and the inscription leaves no doubt but that he went to the grave firm in his conviction that he had seen the plates and had testified to the truth.

IF YOU are familiar with the history of the persecutions that occurred in and around Richmond, or if you will get out your Church history and read of them now you will appreciate the feeling that came to me when, after visiting the graves of these men and recounting in my mind the terrible scenes that had been enacted there, the utter disregard of law and the violation of all human right, I came to the county court house and noticed this inscription—"Obedience to law is liberty." Upon investigation I found that this

wording had been carved on all four sides of the building. What a pity such sentiment had not prevailed in the days of the Prophet! Religious prejudice is a terrible thing, I thought. What crimes men have committed in the name of religion! But fortunately, those days have passed and the people of Missouri today are kindly disposed and hospitable even to the descendants of those who were so cruelly mobbed, persecuted and even assassinated in the days when the Church that has just celebrated its Centennial so gloriously was struggling for its very life.

Independence, to the east of Kansas City, and still the county seat of Jackson county, as it was in the early days, is of sufficient importance to merit a separate installment of this travelogue. The concluding installment of the series will tell of visits to the Independence of today, with reference to the early days, and something of its history.

## Special Fathers' and Sons' Project for 1930—Marking Historic Places

IN every stake in the Church there are historic places which should not be forgotten—these places should be marked. The youth of today will do it. They will be delighted to bear the story of struggle, privation and heroism which can be told of so many places in our western valleys, where men and women came unafraid and began to redeem waste lands which today are made beautiful by the lovely homes of hundreds and thousands of people.

There is a place near where you live which marked the spot—where your community had its beginning, or where some courageous act was performed or a noteworthy enterprise had its beginning, or perhaps lives were taken by Indians for no other reason than that they did not understand their white brothers. These events should not be forgotten.

This year in connection with our Fathers and Sons' Outing, or as a special project of the Y. M. M. I. A., let us begin at once to search out these wonderful historic places. The historian of your

community or city will tell you about them. (There are many men and women living who can give you first-hand information, or there are many diaries of leaders which are available and which will bring you the inspiration and the facts.)

If the "markers" cannot be as elaborate as you would like to have them, do not let this great opportunity go by—at least put up a simple stone monument. Each ward might bring a stone or boulder, and then with cement have them laid with a simple tablet telling the facts. To preserve the story, to inform and inspire youth, these are most important.

Let the General Board know that you have undertaken the project; that a committee has been appointed and that a definite date has been selected. Where it is possible, members of the General Board and other leaders will be glad to join you. This event would make a most fitting part of a Pioneer Celebration (July 24). —From *Fathers and Sons' Outing*, 1930.



# THAT'S THE BERRIES



A SPRING breeze off its native heath is a terrible thing. If Big Business realized its damage in dollars and cents there would be another amendment prohibiting insidious zephyrs. What matters it what the cause that plays havoc when staid men and women are turned maudlin.

Marianne Mitchen, twenty-five, made in the image and likeness of an angel—golden hair, heavenly blue eyes, and the disposition that leads to halos and harps and hard work—had known for a long time that she was the goat of the family, albeit an angelic goat.

SHE knew that her young sister Alice, who was beautiful and in no way dumb, loitered in the stores each evening, after leaving the office to avoid work connected with the dinner the family of four must eat.

She knew that Jimmie, her young brother, wasn't paying his share toward the upkeep of the small apartment, although he never lacked money for the movies.

She knew that David Renney, the lad from home who boarded with the Mitchen trio, while still professing to love her, was bestowing on his savings account more and more of his time and attention, to her exclusion.

YET knowing all these things she had gone on serenely content to be the goat until a whiff of a spring breeze. \* \* \*

With no hint of impending disaster she had taken her place in the usual mob that awaited home-going cars at the close of the office day. The breeze came crooning across the lake direct from Michigan fields that Marianne had once known and still yearned for. Carefully, so as not to lose one whiff of its fragrant cargo, it skimmed Grant Park, then with malice aforethought swept down Wash-

By  
MARGARET C. MOLONEY

ington to the corner of Clark where stood the unsuspecting angelic one. Here he dumped the whole cargo of fragrance, and went his way chuckling.

MARIANNE took a deep breath, reeled, righted herself, staggered to her car, and being lucky sank into a seat. Her enchanted mind didn't board the car at all. Instead it set off for the open spaces where fields were green- ing, flowers opening their sleepy eyes, berries ripening, and David Renney, farmer boy, worked his fields just across the line fence. Marianne made no effort to recall it. Even when she left the car her mind was still back home in the open spaces. The clerk at the corner grocery who always made it a point to wait on the angelic one the minute she appeared no matter how many last-minute housewives were ahead of her, noted her listlessness and did what he could to help her make her selections.

"How about a box of strawberries?" he asked when they had got to the dessert question.

"How much?" asked Marianne, and clutched the counter to steady herself.

"Seventy-five cents," said the friendly clerk, studying her with growing suspicion.

Marianne laughed foolishly.

"M-make it one jello!" she said. "Strawberry jello! That's good enough for people who live in cities!"

THE clerk turned to get the jello, sighing as he turned. His idol was clay!

There was no doubt that Marianne could work miracles in a kitchenette, given a little time, a

few ingredients and the right disposition. Deliciously browned flaky biscuits that opened up piping hot for the generous hunk of butter; planked calf's liver, cross barred with crisp bacon slices, and bordered with mounds of mashed carrots, alternated with great red tomatoes lifted whole from the can; delightful salads, chilled and crispy, each day the thrill of the unknown; and then a top-off of ginger pudding, or gooseberry tarts, or frozen maple custard. The wonder of it was that anyone could plan it in such short time and execute it in shorter time.

BUT the mind that Marianne recalled from elysian fields had no interest in kitchenette miracles. Round steak, unpounded, undredged, unbuttered, went plopping into a redhot pan where it was left to stick and burn and curl up into hard chunks. "Let it," said Marianne. "I don't care if it chokes them." Into the oven went potatoes unwashed. "If they want to eat the skins they'll get some grit," she grinned. Iceberg celery was held under the cold water faucet until it was saturated then with no gentle patting of linen towel was flung into salad plates. The changeling eyed the pool of water in each plate gleefully. "I hope they drown in it," she shrugged. No delightfully piquant dressing accompanied the drenched lettuce; instead a splash of very sour vinegar. There was not much else. Stale bread, and butter; and unjelled jello.

SLAM bang went the cook, her fury increasing with her steps.

"My word, but you're noisy," complained the beautiful one, picking her way from the back door toward the dining room. At the dining room door she paused



waiting for the soothing "Tired dear?" It didn't come. Instead there came a rasping order.

"Get your things off and get in here and help with this dinner," and Alice got.

Coming back enveloped in a gay cretonne smock, however, the beautiful one tried again for sympathy.

"Same old performance," she sighed. "Work all day, and then come home to more. \* \* \*

"Why shouldn't you work?" demanded Marianne, facing her sister menacingly. "After this you either come home and get the dinner started, or you stop at the market, do you hear?"

"Yes, Marianne," said Alice meekly. "Shall I cut the bread, or have we . . ."

"We have not," said Marianne. "Cut the bread."

DAVID and Jimmie loomed up in the back door, arguing as usual. They worked in the same office and had momentous matters to solve each evening.

"Dinner ready?" shouted Jimmie, and noticed not the ominous silence.

"Hello-ello," David called cheerily, but the clatter of falling pans covered the absence of response. The argument was on again in the living room.

"Take up the potatoes, and call them," Marianne ordered.

Alice hurried to obey. "The potatoes aren't done, but let them eat them or leave them," she said, glad of a chance to vent her irked feelings on the male contingency. Marianne made no reply.

"Gosh, I'm hungry as a bear," Jimmie told them all in a boisterous manner. David, smiling, and assured, stood a second, till Alice ordered him into his place.

"Coming, Marianne?" she asked, solicitously.

"I'll be there. Sit down," Marianne's muffled voice answered.

ALICE sighed and sat down. Jimmie was already wrestling with the steak. He dropped his knife and fork and glared at his younger sister.

"Say," he demanded, "who got this dinner?"

Marianne came just then, saving Alice a reply.

"I got this dinner," she announced, and her tone brought three pairs of eyes, startled, to her face. "Don't you like it?" She stood waiting. Jimmie had the thought that on his answer depended the disposition of the fork she held in her hand. He forced a laugh. "Why—why—I guess it's all right—only, you know, it's just not up to standard—you know."

Marianne sat down. She looked not at all toward David, but she knew he was studying her, bewildered. "Yes?" she said to Jimmie, "and when you were partaking of these 'standard' meals did you ever have any comments to make?"

"Well, that was understood," Jimmie began, but she cut him short.

"This dinner is understood, too, by those who are not too dumb," said the cook taking her place at the table.

DAVID tried to catch her eye, but she kept hers downcast. Alice had nothing to say. Jimmie tried the steak again, then the potatoes, then the salad, and gave up. "Can I have my dessert?" he asked feigning humility. "I'm not as hungry as I thought I was." Marianne got up so obligingly that he was emboldened to add, "I hope it's strawberries. The windows are full of them, but there's a fat chance, I know."

"I notice you didn't bring a box home with you," Marianne, returning from the kitchenette, observed cuttingly. "You're getting sloppy jello," she said, slamming the dish down in front of him.

"Just what you're paying for; and from now on that's all any of you will get." She started back to her chair, then turned and fled to her room. They heard the door slam, and the key turn in the lock, then they faced each other, wide-eyed. Alice was the first to speak.

"She's going to leave us. I know she is, and I can't b-blame her. We're all ungrateful beasts. Yes, you too, David Renney," she turned the storm full on him. "Sticking every penny in the bank and never taking her—anywhere, but always—you're an angel, Marianne."

JIMMIE stared at David speechless.

"But good heavens, she knows I'm saving for her, as well as myself. She knows I love her. I don't have to . . ."

"No, you don't have to spend on her," Alice said with a meaning glance. "There are others who don't find it . . ."

"You—mean . . ."

"Yes, and I'm glad she's turned you down," Alice said, gloating over the reaction she got from the stricken lover.

"She means Kent," Jimmie came to the defense of David, "and you know Marianne wouldn't fall for that drugstore sheik. But, murder, what will we do? We'd be in a mess, sure, without—Marianne."

ALICE was already clearing the table. The two lads got up and began to carry out dishes, unasked. When he came to the steak Jimmie grabbed it up and stalked out to the garbage can. Here he encountered the huckster with a crate of strawberries. One glance at the forbidden fruit and Jimmie thought to back in and close the door, but the smiling Italian was too quick. Through the closing door he sent his call loud and clear and far-reaching. Even the door with the key turned in the lock was powerless to prevent its entrance.

David and Alice sprang to Jimmie's aid, but the huckster had learned the trick of putting his foot in the door.

"Nice an' sweet," he was assuring them through the crack of the door when Marianne joined them, thoroughly sober, but showing all the signs of her recent watery eyes, swollen face, disheveled hair.

"Wait," she said chokily. All three desisted, and the huckster came in beaming, crate and all. "I want a box," she said. "I'll pay for them. I never wanted any . . ."

DAVID came to suddenly.

"Here," he said masterfully. "This is my treat."

"I'll get the cream," shouted Jimmie, on his way down the backstairs.

"I'll fix them," said Alice, taking the box from David, and nodding toward the living room.

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# Jean Waschgaw the Iron-Eater

By FRANK JONAS

**T**ALES which come from afar always carry with them an element of doubt, not the sort of doubt which stimulates a warm discussion, but rather a type of carefree superstition concerning the source of an extraordinary interesting anecdote.

Recently the writer had the good fortune to visit at the home of a brother in the Church who himself is a gifted and loquacious story-teller.

**I**N Belgium a person tells a story which perhaps may be a little unusual to another person and the latter asks the question:

"And where did you hear that?" "I read it in a newspaper," comes the reply. "In 'a newspaper?'" again queries the listener. "Yes," responds the tale-bearer. "But in an American newspaper?" is the final question. "Why yes, of course," comes the delinquent affirmation. The foregoing indicates, of course, what Belgians think of far away America where almost anything can happen, and this attitude is taken simply because that envied country is too far away, for a distorted anecdote to be verified.

But the following account is true in every detail, and it may be confirmed by hundreds of living witnesses—happily for the author.

**T**HIS story is about a young Belge, who is not only a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, but also an ambitious officer in the branch M. I. A. His name is Jean Waschgaw—he himself writes it John, because he expects to come to Zion within a year, and therefore wishes to take advantage of every opportunity of pronouncing English. His home is in a busy little industrial town of Belgium where the sparkling light produced by the never-ceasing fires in the white-heated furnaces makes lamp posts

unnecessary at night-time. A chapter could be written about the strangely interesting life of Seraing—where the milk wagons are drawn by muzzled dogs—but all this would only be a ponderous, although very interesting, tangent to the purpose of this eulogy, which is to proclaim the accomplishments of a member of the Church in this far-away, turbulent little land. An outstanding and rare specimen of physical manhood has been chosen for this illustrative material.

Brother John is affectionately called by his nearest friends, and the author, mostly the latter, the "iron-eater." He is given this metallic and contradictory sobriquet because he is able to do everything with iron but eat it.

**T**HE story told by the accompanying photograph is not in any sense a myth, but is an actuality. This modern Sampson, like the blinded giant of Biblical lore, brings the house down with his amazing performances. He does things with forged iron bars which no other individual of similar weight in all Belgium can possibly do and his repertoire is large and varied.

The iron which the photo shows is more than three yards long; it is one-fourth of an inch in thickness and one and one-fourth inches in width—by no means a pliable silk ribbon.

He winds and bends this around his legs, his arms—and even around his neck! The latter is a very dangerous trick, something which might easily be fatal should he suddenly lose his strength.

His masterpiece is produced with a horseshoe of very substantial measurements. He straightens out any sort of a steel tire and then brings it back into its proper shape—so the poor mount won't go barefooted.



JEAN WASCHGAW

**E**VERY Friday evening he conducts a class of gymnastiques with a great variety of pupils, from little girls to old men, all friends and members of the Church. While they exercise with tooth picks, in comparison, he demonstrates with ninety pounds of solid iron. The Church, through the individual instruction which this auburn-haired youngster is giving each week, is meeting with marked success in an effort to improve the bodies as well as elevate the souls of these good folk, young and old.

Housewives dread the approach of this young man, for he is always distorting the shape of fire-pokers. He seizes any kind of a cinder disturber, and strikes it across his forearm until one-half of what was a fire-poker is at right angles with the other half.

The surprising detail of all these performances is in knowing that he is but nineteen years of age and doesn't weigh a gram more than 155 pounds.

**B**ELGIUM'S youngest king of iron is a shining member of the local Mutual Improvement Association, and is a worthy example of what this organization will do for a young man. His habits of living are admirably clean. He neither smokes nor drinks—a feat in itself in Europe where liquor and tobacco are the gods before which most people bow.

(Continued on page 637)

# A Spiritual Philosophy of Life

By MILTON BENNION

Dean of the School of Education, University of Utah

## VIII

### Some Specific Illustrations of Moral Obligations

*In What Ways Is the Individual Under Moral Obligation to be Personally Efficient and How Can This Be Accomplished?*

*Why Is Everyone Under Obligation to His Fellows Diligently to Seek and to Apply Social Knowledge?*

IT HAS already been shown that each member of a civilized community is under obligation to serve humanity to the fullest extent of his ability and of his opportunities. This being granted, it follows that one of his first duties, not only to himself, but also to his fellow-men, is to develop as completely as may be his native capacities, and to keep himself physically and mentally fit for the best possible service.

THIS obligation calls first for the most healthful habits of living. This includes, among other things, reasonable and appropriate hours of sleep, adequate and suitable exercise and recreation, food most suitable to the needs of the body, and ample supply of water for both external and internal cleansing. Personal hygiene is now taught in the schools from kindergarten to university. Teachers of this subject are, or ought to be, well informed concerning applications of the latest scientific knowledge to the problems of health. There is, therefore, now no excuse for ignorance in regard to the fundamental laws of health. It is, in fact, very much easier to acquire this knowledge than it is to put it into practice. The commercializing of recreation, often resulting in transposing night into day too often interferes with the normal sleep. The intense competitive and spectacular development of modern athletics has led to greatly overdoing physical ex-

ercise for the few and to reducing all others to mere exercise of their vocal organs. The development of the manufacture and sale of foods and drinks designed primarily to please the taste, or to stimulate, soothe, or depress the nerves, has made doubly difficult the problem of proper nutrition. This difficulty is raised to the fourth power by the combination, now fashionable, of following night shows and parties with after mid-night indulgence in refreshments—poor substitutes for substantial meals. Then conditions are made worse by the fact that these refreshments usually consist of sugars with starchy accompaniments; and are deficient in vegetables, fresh fruits, and other foods most suitable for a healthful, balanced diet. The current anti-fat fashion has been used as an opportunity to make popular the substitution of a cigarette for a sweet. This substitution is no doubt effective as an anti-fat measure, but so also is tuberculosis. If the idea is to adopt anything that will tend to reduce weight, there are a variety of diseases that might be recommended. But the real purpose of health procedure is to select and to utilize in proper quantities food (not drugs, narcotics, or diseases) that will help to keep both body and mind in the most perfect state of health and in the highest degree of efficiency.

THE growth of cities and with them the multiplication of sedentary occupations has greatly reduced for many persons opportunity for physical exercise in the course of their daily work. This sedentary life has also reduced the natural thirst that calls for water during the course of the day. With no thought given to this matter on the part of the majority of workers, the healthful habit of drinking water freely is ne-

glected. This often results in clogging the "sewage system" of the body, thus poisoning the blood stream, and this, in turn, results in very great reduction of mental efficiency, not to mention the bodily ills to which such neglect is liable.

The current agitation concerning prohibition, and, in this connection, the custom adopted by some men and women of issuing their personal declarations of independence manifest in violating the prohibition law, calls attention at once to the diminished efficiency both of body and mind resulting from this irrational and unpatriotic procedure. The so-called freedom in whose name it is defended is the reverse of moral freedom or of any other worth while variety. It should be noted that sobriety is one of the first essentials of efficiency, and that any degree of intoxication is one of its most deadly enemies.

WHILE strict adherence to the laws of health contributes to potential efficiency, this efficiency becomes actual only through purposive industry. Few people work to the full limit of their capacities; this is especially true of mental labor. The physical activities of youths often quite overshadow their study habits. Mental labor, it may be noted incidentally, is harder than physical labor; and mental laziness more prevalent than physical laziness. Industry, both physical and mental, like its opposite, laziness, can be cultivated; either may become a life habit. The one is often associated with purpose; the other with want of purpose. Work without purpose is deadening drudgery; with enlightened and appealing purpose, however, it is transformed into joyous, satisfying activity. If the daily work of an individual does not yield



him constant joy—one of the major joys of his life—that individual is in need of personal guidance, vocational counsel, the help of an efficiency expert, or he may need a new philosophy of life.

THESE facts suggest at once the need of thoughtfulness. Vastly too much of the world's work is done with a minimum of thought. This fact is not only a prolific cause of drudgery, but it is also a chief cause of inefficiency. Even in ordinary manual labor a little use of the head may mean very great saving of the muscles. In the general development of industry this fact is strikingly manifested on every hand. Mind activity applied to industry has reduced muscular labor and increased efficiency in production a thousand fold. The same principle, however, applies also in the work of the individual at his daily task. Does he take thought of the purpose of what he is doing, and the most time saving and efficient ways of doing it? If he has a variety of tasks, does he plan ahead? Does he put system into his work? Or do things go haphazardly, in spontaneously irregular and irresponsible ways? Does he have a place for each tool or other work material when not in use, or does he spend half his life in looking for things he should be able to put his hands on at once? It is well for every youth while he is still plastic to give thoughtful consideration to these questions as applied to himself. If he arrives at early maturity without having acquired orderly ways, let him at once devote his attention to the matter. One of the latest discoveries in psychology is that no one in working condition is ever too old to learn or even to modify his habits. As a matter of efficiency, however, from the standpoint of one's life work, there is very great advantage in developing habits of thoughtfulness and orderly procedure as early in life as possible.

ALL of these things, and others unmentioned, have to do with the individual's fulfilling his moral obligations to his fellow-men. To neglect any of these requirements of efficiency is to fall short of a satisfactory moral life, not to use a harsher term by calling such a life immoral. It should be noted that many people do

seriously neglect some of these standards and yet, because they do not lie, steal, swear, or otherwise break the traditional commandments, they think themselves thoroughly moral. Are they?

There is a negative side to morality which is important, but chiefly because it is essential to securing the highest and best results in positive morality. Attention, therefore, to the negative side only, is to miss the major aspects of the moral life—positive service in promoting the greatest joy and lasting satisfactions of mankind. This, in turn, is the only means whereby these desired ends are secured to the one who thus serves.

### Why Emphasize Getting and Using Social Knowledge?

H. G. WELLS has said that our civilization hangs upon the outcome of the race between catastrophe and education. C. A. Ellwood in his recent book, "The Social Destiny of Man," has modified this thought to read:

"Our civilization hangs upon the outcome of the race between catastrophe and social, political, moral, and religious education, and these are just the kinds of education which we have been neglecting."\*

\*Page 81. Used by permission of the publishers, Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tenn.

AT the World Conference on Education held in Oakland-San Francisco, June 28 to July 6, 1923, under the auspices of the National Education Association of the United States, Dean Milton Bennion was appointed chairman of Group D. To this group, entitled, "International Ideals," was assigned the subject of "Character Education." All delegates who joined this section were asked to contribute advice as to the make-up of a basic plan for character education of children and youth, which basic plan should be presented to the educational authorities of every nation of the World for use in working out plans for its own schools.

A committee was appointed to receive these items of advice, and to edit them into a basic plan which could be taken up for revision and adoption by the section.

Dean Bennion was persuaded to act as chief editor of items of advice, and the task of formulating a set of resolutions along these lines was also delegated to him.

A hundred and fifty years ago leaders of political thought in America were enthusiastic in their faith in the future success of democracy and in its power to emancipate mankind from the repressions and retardations of ages of autocratic rule. In this connection, however, they recognized the need of universal education as a means of social enlightenment. Now, after many decades of such education there are influential American citizens who decry democracy and who would welcome return to autocratic rule. In some instances this opinion may be the outgrowth of selfish interests; in others, it is a manifestation of real pessimism, a loss of faith in the social intelligence or in the integrity of the masses of the people; it may be in both, together with a hopeless attitude toward the ability of the masses to acquire adequate social knowledge and social responsibility successfully to conduct the affairs of their government.

WE have assumed, in a previous number of this series, that both individuals and social institutions have some degree of power to modify their own natures. This faith in human possibilities is especially applicable to the question of increasing social knowledge. It is properly one of the major functions of education to equip the individual with such knowledge and with ability to make sound judgments in regard to social questions. This fact is now recognized more than ever before by those who administer the schools. Heretofore the schools have been largely occupied in providing the individual with opportunities to acquire the tools of knowledge, leaving to him the task of using these tools in after years in whatever ways circumstances require. This attitude rightly carries the implication that education is a lifelong business, and that much dependence must be placed upon self-education. Now, however, with the extension of the years of school life for the masses of young people, and with the increase in the complexity of business, social, and political life, there is both opportunity and greater need for attention to developing social knowledge and social intelligence. It is the responsibility of the community, as well as of school officials, to see that this is done. It

is the great opportunity of youth to take full advantage of the facilities offered for the attainment of social knowledge and social judgment. This comes, in large measure, through proper methods of studying history, civics or political science, human geography, sociology, economics, and ethics. Right application of this type of knowledge in social life calls for religious devotion to truth and to the highest ultimate good of humanity.

IT may truthfully be said that in case of some individuals opportunities for attending schools are inadequate, and that even with those not thus handicapped the schools can offer only the beginnings of this type of education. It follows, therefore, that every youth and every adult, having normal mentality, is morally obligated to the fullest extent of his opportunities diligently to acquire social knowledge and social intelligence. His social knowledge may be in any of the subjects named in the schools as social studies, or it may be unclassified or of mixed classification. This is, of course, a matter of little consequence; the main point is that he should acquire social knowledge that is meaningful and helpful in solving successfully the problems of social life as they arise and need or demand solution. In the field of civic activity, for instance, in almost every political election voters are called upon to pass judgment upon issues that involve questions of economics, ethics, or other social study, questions that the majority of voters have neither the necessary knowledge nor the social judgment to settle intelligently. It is this fact that helps to make social and political pessimists.

THE difficulty is, of course, not confined to the field of civics. It is manifested frequently in all sorts of social relations, in the family, in the church, in fraternal orders, in business and professional associations, in labor unions, and in human relations generally other than institutional. It happens too often that ordinarily well educated people fail to understand or even to try to understand some of the most elemental facts of the constitution and working of the human mind, of how it is affected by the attitude toward it of other

minds. In college circles this type of knowledge, here indicated as wanting, may be studied under the names of social psychology, or, in its applications, it may be studied in classes in education. In any case such knowledge is foundational to the study of all social institutions and social relations. Does this mean that only those who are privileged to go to college can measure up to the moral obligation here under discussion? No, college helps, if rightly used, but much more depends upon the native intelligence, reading, direct observation of social life, and thoughtful consideration of what is read and observed; all of these are major factors that contribute to social knowledge, and social intelligence—ability to make right judgments with respect to social problems at issue. This is the essence of wisdom, which should not be confused with mere knowledge, necessary and valuable as knowledge is. Among the wisest of men are some who have never had the privilege of attending college, these have, however, generally studied harder, and thought more deeply, than has the average college student. There are, on the other hand, college students who neglect their educational opportunities and who, it may be safely predicted, never will be noted either for their superior knowledge or for more than ordinary wisdom.

THE point to be emphasized is that success in measuring up to social obligations is dependent primarily upon the personal characteristics of the individual; those characteristics which constitute his character, in the broad sense of that term; and that his personal character is a thing for him to fashion by cultivating his native powers, and utilizing to the full such opportunities as are his; these include not simply those that are said to come to him, but also others he may create.

The general shortening of the hours of labor in industry, the easy accessibility of newspapers, magazines, and books, the opportunities now offered for observation of social life, and for participating in the activities of social institutions; all of these are or ought to be made the major factors in developing social knowledge, social intelligence, and social re-

sponsibility. All of these are essential to the spiritual life, to the fulfillment of moral obligation, and to the development of moral character.

## Joseph Smith---A Modern American Prophet

(Continued from page 605)

"I suspected as much," says the mother, "else why don't they throw away some of their notions about God. They make me feel terrible. To listen to the ministers you would think God was some wild animal, and not our Father at all."

"And he said people worship him with their lips, and not with their hearts."

"That means, Joseph, that we don't think enough about what we do when we worship God. We do it through habit. Take yourself, for instance. You read the Bible, as we all do. But you thought about what you read. You took it seriously. I think, maybe, you are about the only one that did that—and it was so easy. But what are we to do, Joseph, now we know the churches are all wrong—that's what I'm wondering."

"I was told that, too, mother. The true Church of Christ is to be restored—through me, if I prove worthy."

NEITHER speaks for a time. Presently the mother breaks the silence with—

"You know, Joseph, your grandfather Smith used to say—and still does, for anything I know—that it was borne in upon his soul (that's the way he puts it) that one of his descendants would promulgate a work to revolutionize the world. Wouldn't it be wonderful if you were the one to do that!"



# The Days of the Great Cold

## The Secondary Glacial Period and the Migration of the Tribe

By HENRY F. KIRKHAM

I STOOD, one winter day, near an old tower, to the north of the imperial city. The snow lay deep upon the ground and many of the people coasting down the hillside were enjoying, to the utmost, the pleasures of that brief festival. To better observe the sport I mounted the ancient steps of the tower and stood, as I thought, alone at the summit. A sigh, as soft as the passing of a summer zephyr, reminded me of my error. At my side stood the gentle spirit.

Said she, "These be joyful times, but, ah me, I well remember when such snows brought only sorrow to the tribes. In all the land, in those days, were green hills; and bright sunshine prevailed the year around. Yes, indeed, the days of the great cold were sad times for those simple folks of the long ago."

SOMETHING was certainly wrong with the usual climate. Frost in the mid-summer, zero weather in the early fall, ice and bitter cold the balance of the year—these were conditions terrible to face and something, moreover, that the tribes who dwelt by the great lake had never experienced before.

If the piercing cold was all they had to contend against, the tribesmen might have managed to endure. They lived in a splendid cave city that sheltered them from the most inclement weather, and plenty of fuel, in the shape of immense forests, lay ready to gathér.

But this was not the gravest problem. Three successive years of appalling cold had driven away the fowl, the deer and, in fact, all of the smaller game that they had come to depend on for their daily supply of animal food. Even the usually abundant denizens of the great lake had deserted their former haunts and sought the



The Days of the Great Cold.  
Winter in the Wasatch.

warmer and deeper portions of the inland sea, now frozen over the best part of the year.

Only the larger and most ferocious beasts remained, and these, rendered desperate by reason of excessive hunger, did not hesitate to invade the very settlements in search of food, thus disputing with the tribesmen even this meager foothold.

The grains planted hopefully, would not mature. The very cattle perished for lack of fodder and by inroads of the great beasts. The provisions stored by the tribe for the "rainy day" dwindled to almost nothing. And, in short, these simple souls were, in a very real sense, at the end of their string.

IN vain the Wise Men sacrificed before the altar of the high gods. O-Te was obdurate. In vain they sought more natural methods of solution. One cannot change material facts by mere words nor alter the events of providence by simple debate. And the facts were these: snow and utmost

cold prevailed where, heretofore, only warmth and summer sunshine abode. Debate only served to bring out an ancient story of the influence of a thunder mountain where gods of fire and smoke sometimes grew angry and covered the world with a veil of mist that shut out the light of the sun. But these tales were vague and helped them not at all in the present calamity.

Something radical must of a certainty be done, however, for death stared the entire tribe in the face. So, finally, they resolved on the Great Council—a method used only in the gravest emergency and not resorted to in a generation before. It consisted in calling a sort of convention of all the Wise Men of all the known tribes—tribes that were not always friendly. Now, of course, common misfortune would serve to draw them together for the common good.

So the summons went forth by means of swift runners bearing tokens of the call. Many of these messengers never returned, for the great beasts and the storm-swept ways lay between. But, after several months, the delegation from the distant tribes arrived and the Great Council was called to order.

A MORE picturesque gathering it would be difficult to visualize. Old men, mostly, wise with the acquired wisdom of the years, seated around the sacred fire, gravely debating issues on which the very fate of the nations depended. While young men and women stood respectfully on the outskirts and hung silently upon their words.

For several days they thus deliberated and from their wisdom finally came this plan: It was agreed that a picked band of the most vigorous men were to venture southward (the point of the compass towards which the feather



life annually sped) and seek there for some place of temporary asylum to which the balance of the people might go for refuge.

THE dangers of this adventure for the pioneers was great, indeed. No one knew what new terrors lurked in that vast trackless wilderness outside the scope of their own little world. No one could guess at the perils that lay between their own land and that far-off country that was labeled unknown. For, be it remembered, these simple folks were filled with a thousand ingrained superstitions and saw omens and signs where none existed—not to mention the very real difficulties to be met.

Of volunteers for the expedition there were plenty, notwithstanding the dangers. Young men then, as now, were filled with a spirit of romance. Nor did they count the costs. To head this group the choice fell upon our old friend Na-Ki of the "red feather," Na-Ki, beloved of the gods by reason of his excellence in the art of the song and dance, and by the people because of his exploit in the matter of the savages—a deed now long gone but not forgotten.

Na-Ki joyfully accepted the commission, for was he not strong, active, beautiful to look upon and withal somewhat ambitious. Indeed, the only drawback appearing to his youthful fancy lay in the enforced separation from his beloved Le-Me, the lily. However, to balance this was the glory to be won and perhaps because of it the very hand of the fair Le-Me herself. So he began, in high zest, the preparations for the adventure.

THE chosen band, one hundred strong, were carefully selected from among the various tribes, armed, provisioned with such supplies the tribes could spare from their meager stores, and, blessed by the prayers of the people, were ready to start on the momentous quest.

The day for the venture was set for a certain time in the early spring—or should we say, in winter, for this spring was no regular spring at all. It was as cold and bleak as an arctic winter. But nothing daunted the band set forth to the accompaniment of much wailing and tears of those left behind. Even Le-Me shed real tears

as she gazed upon her handsome lover—perhaps for the last time. Into her tender heart had come true sorrow for the first time in her youthful career.

And so the pioneers went forth with high and noble bearing, as they marched,

"As the deer comes to her mate,  
As the flower turns to the sun;  
So go we to the land of plenty,  
To the home of the gods!"

THE order of advance was this: First came the main body headed by Na-Ki and his aides; next a small rear guard with flankers thrown on the sides, a very martial arrangement, but in no sense superfluous, as many unknown perils lurked within the shadows. At night they formed a stockade, built huge fires, and set a careful watch.

Thus, for some days, they proceeded mostly through familiar territory, sometimes skirting the shores of the frozen lake, sometimes penetrating the leafless forest. Soon, however, they arrived at the boundary of the known. Before them lay the trackless wilderness, peopled by unknown terrors and filled with gloomy forebodings.

Resolutely, though, they pushed ahead. Soon they left the region of the great lake and came into a vast, waterless and treeless expanse of prairie. It stretched towards the west, some dim tradition had it, even to the mother of waters. But as their course pointed southward they moved only along the edge of this vast desert.

Heretofore they had met with no unendurable hardships. Inured to outdoor life, they suffered little from the cold, and their very numbers acted as a restraint upon the great beasts that infested the lonely trail. Excepting for the loss of one member by reason of a treacherous pitfall, they still remained the same resolute, merry company that first went forth.

NOW, however, they came to some rough, sloping ground that eventually grew into a high table-land. Here the going was bad, intensified by the deadly, increasing cold. For many days they pushed through this desolate region, the path growing more rugged and the cold more severe as they advanced. Even upon their splendid constitutions, the

strain began to tell. They no longer sang as they marched. Some of the weakest gave out and were left behind to shift as best they could. In this extreme case, necessity knew no pity.

The country grew wilder and more formidable, as they proceeded. The sloping tableland terminated in a towering mountain range that lifted its frozen summits to the very sky and seemed to be, in truth, an insurmountable barrier to further progress. At the base of this range they encamped, the while they vainly sought some feasible pass by which they might continue their advance. None could be found.

Weary and disheartened, they took council on the problem and many were in favor of giving up the project and retracing their steps to the city of refuge. But to this suggestion Na-Ki would not consent. Said he, "We will not return to be the laughing stock of all the people. No, let us rather die as warriors in the attempt!" Perhaps he had a vision of the scorn in the eyes of the fair Le-Me. Many a man, in all ages, has died for the smile of a woman. Or, perhaps, he was inspired of the gods. Who can tell?

AT any rate Na-Ki's veto put an end to the thought of turning back and they resumed their search, meeting at last with a measure of success. A scouting party returned one day with the glad news of a providential discovery. One of the party, having accidentally fallen into a brush-concealed crevice, found that it led to a narrow pass that broadened as he proceeded until he felt sure it must eventually penetrate the very heart of the mountains. Who knows whether or not the gods had a hand in this seeming accident? Many queer endings have as simple a beginning as had this one.

And now began as severe a test of human endurance as ever was recorded in all history. Poorly clad, hungry, half frozen, this heroic band struggled up the terrible ascent. Bitter cold, blinding snows, cuts and bruises, were their daily portion. Indeed, the trail seemed to have no ending, steadily mounting upward, steadily becoming more beset with pitfalls and delays.

THEIR remaining strength ebbed day by day. Many a gallant youth perished by the wayside or met his end in some snow-covered abyss that fell a thousand feet. Once even a score lost their lives before a mighty avalanche of snow and rocks. And yet did the balance persevere, for to turn back now was fully as dangerous as to push forward.

In the face of all these hardships, Na-Ki was a host in himself. His faith never wavered, his matchless endurance never gave out. He heartened his companions with constant example of courage and fortitude and cheered them to the task by song and jest. It seemed as if the very gods inspired him—as indeed they did. Do not all great efforts have some divine source?

So at last they reached the utmost summit. Downward pointed the trail. Everything depended on the place to which it led. If to continued cold and hunger, death was the lot of every one of them, for food they now had none. They could endure no more.

They huddled that night in the meager shelter of an overhanging rock. Na-Ki could not sleep, but arose and slowly paced before the shelter. Distorted visions of bountiful feasts, warm sunshine, and the lovely Le-Me floated before his numb eyes. To be sure it was light enough, for a brilliant moon, such as the high mountains alone know, threw a cold, clear illumination over the vast expanse of sparkling snow and outlined the nearby peaks in a ghostly mantle of pure white. Suddenly across the field of his disordered vision came marching, one behind the other, a great line of antlered elk. Was it but a dream? No game of any sort had been sighted for weeks and the band had been forced to subsist upon their scant rations until even these were entirely gone. Na-Ki closed his eyes a moment to collect his faculties but when he opened them again, the herd was still there—one, indeed, so close that he could almost touch it with his hand—so still and lonesome was this vast solitude of snow.

WITH a prayer of gratitude in his heart Na-Ki promptly hurled the short spear he carried full at the beast. So much depended upon the sureness of his aim that

he almost fainted with the effort of mind and body. Praise be the gods! His cast was true and this great elk fell dead at his very feet, while the balance of the animals vanished as strangely as they had appeared. What chance had these deer to this particular spot at this opportune moment none could surmise. Perhaps O-Te could have answered the question, but, of course, high gods do not reveal their secrets to any mere mortals. At any rate, here was a fine feast for the exhausted and famished tribesmen, and you may be sure they fell to the task with a joyful promptness, nor cared overmuch the reason for its coming.

On the following morning, greatly refreshed, they began the downward trail, at first almost as difficult and perilous as the former trail they had just surmounted. Gradually, however, the way became easier, the air warmer, and some signs of life more evident. The second day of the descent they halted upon the sharp edge of a great bluff because of the hazards of a thick fog that hung like a blanket over the entire landscape. About noon the curtain of mist lifted.

What a vision of loveliness met their enraptured gaze! A fair, green valley, stretching for miles away. Warm and pleasant it appeared from where they stood. Here, beyond question, was the land they had come to seek, the place of promise they had struggled with

such steadfast courage to discover. With a glad shout they fairly ran down the winding trail into the shelter and the sunshine of this earthly paradise.

At the head of a beautiful river they set up their camp and rested for a while from the terrible toil they had endured. Game teemed within the valley and there was plenty of wild fruit and grains for the gathering, much of which was of varieties unknown to them.

SO, for a few days, they employed themselves. Then the serious business of their quest began. A picked band of the few who had survived, were dispatched on the back trail, well-provisioned and with a better knowledge of the road to be traveled. The mission of this band was to return to the city of refuge and announce the glad tidings of success to those who waited so anxiously there.

Those remaining in the valley were to occupy themselves in the building of a more secure habitation than the open field. They did not, as yet, know the extent of their new domains nor what enemies might abide therein. They also went about the matter of caching a goodly supply of provisions at spots on the back trail so that the future immigrants would not fare so badly. Na-Ki chose to remain behind. He was more than pleased with the results of his mission and wanted to be the first to welcome the pilgrims to this favored spot.

MANY weeks thus passed quickly and pleasantly. But at last the vanguard of the tribesmen arrived. What a joyful re-union it all was! No word can properly describe it. How pleased the Wise Men were, would be mere superfluity to add. Suffice it to say that after all the suffering and after all the suspense of those trying years, the turn of the road had come.

Two, at least, found that happiness that passes all understanding. Le-Me had given her love to Na-Ki—at last!

"So you see, oh mortal," said the gentle spirit, "happiness and sorrow are mixed blessings. In the days of the great cold, many found sorrow, but two of these, the supreme happiness of all the ages—Love.

### Pioneer Woman

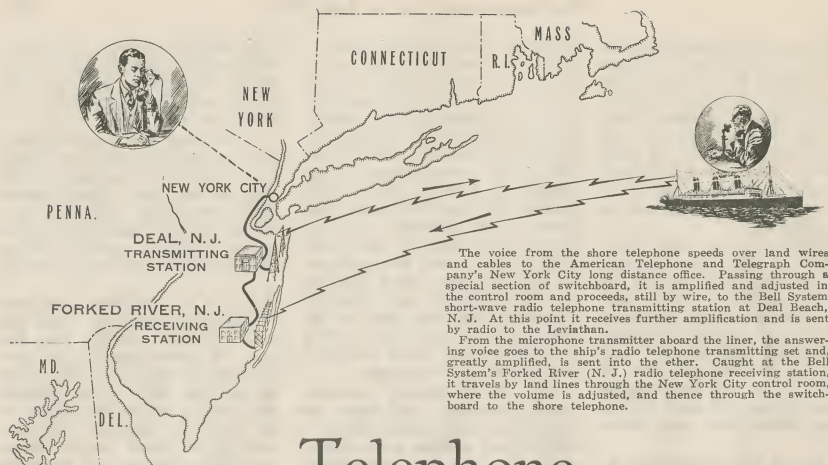
*BENEATH these alien stars  
In darkness I have stood alone,  
Barriers more than mountains  
Between me and my home.*

*And I have seen the shadows fall,  
Grim patterned on the floor,  
As onward passed the faces  
Beyond the cabin door.*

*The desert wind has waved my  
hair;  
Desert sands have etched my face,  
And the courage of the mountains  
Has bound me to this place.*

*And something of its peace I've  
won,  
Triumphant now my day is done;  
Oh, I have stood with only God  
Between me and the sun!*

—Vesta Pierce Crawford.



# Telephone Service From Ship to Shore

By CLAUDE C. CORNWALL  
Recreational Director of the Leviathan

WHEN I was at Zions Canyon a few years ago I recall that the road led through a little old "Mormon" village named Rockville, and I remember seeing a faded sign on one of the store fronts which read, "Deseret Telegraph Co." I hope that sign is still there and that it will remain a long time as an historic monument to early enterprise. This was one of the most southern points on the old telegraphic communication circuits established by President Brigham Young.

It is a long way back to the year 1832, when Samuel F. B. Morse, then on ship board, first conceived his idea of the electric telegraph; and over fifty years have elapsed since Alexander Graham Bell was shouting to his associate, "Are you there, Watson?" through the first model telephone instrument. Since that time, millions of dollars have been spent perfecting the means of rapid communication.

And now we have the radio.

TELEPHONIC communication consists in transferring sound waves at electric speed. But to do this they have to be converted,

or more accurately speaking, copied into electric waves. In radio-telephonic communication there is still another change or conversion. The vocal impulses must be copied



COMMODORE HAROLD A. CUNNINGHAM

Commander of the Leviathan, listening to Walter S. Gifford, Pres. of the A. T. & T. talking by radio from New York. When the Commodore answered, the first round the circuit conversation was officially commenced.

The voice from the shore telephone speeds over land wires and cables to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's New York City long distance office. Passing through a special section of switchboard, it is amplified and adjusted in the control room and proceeds, still by wire, to the Bell System short-wave radio telephone transmitting station at Deal Beach, N. J. At this point it receives further amplification and is sent by radio to the Leviathan.

From the microphone transmitter aboard the liner, the answering voice goes to the ship's radio telephone transmitting set and, greatly amplified, is sent into the ether. Caught at the Bell System's Forked River (N. J.) radio telephone receiving station, it travels by land lines through the New York City control room, where the volume is adjusted, and thence through the switchboard to the shore telephone.

into radio impulses which will travel on a radio beam, and then copied back into sound waves. It is somewhat like the process of shipping Uintah Basin cream to Denver. The farmers churn out the buttermilk and ship the sweet butter (which saves bulk) to the Denver creamery where it is reconverted into cream. It starts as cream; travels as butter; and is served for breakfast as cream. It is somewhat the same with this article I am writing. My message starts as an idea; travels as a printed page and is interpreted in the reader's mind again as an idea.

IN the radio telephone the whole process is as follows: sound waves from the vocal cord create mechanical vibrations on a diaphragm, which in turn set up similar current variations in an electric circuit. These variable impulses are stepped up in intensity and converted into radio-wave impulses which ride on a radio beam out to the ship. When these radio impulses arrive at the receiving end the process is reversed—radio impulses setting up similar electric variations, which finally result in mechanical vibrations of the re-





THE COUNTESS DE BEAUMONT

Wife of Bud Fisher, talented artist and creator of "Mutt and Jeff," made the first commercial call from the ship, on the radio telephone.

ceiver diaphragm, which in turn create a sound of similar quality to the vocal waves of the speaker. And all this takes place in the fraction of a split second.

Sounds very simple, doesn't it? But what a maze of wires, tubes, switchboards, instruments, etc., are needed in the process. However, this isn't to be a technical discussion (thank goodness for that), but rather a report of some of the newer applications of the radio telephone.

\* \* \*

IT is about eleven o'clock on the morning of Dec. 8, 1929. We are gathered in the B deck square of the giant steamship *Leviathan* which is more than two hundred miles from the New York shore. Mr. J. L. R. Van Meter, of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., has announced that the circuit is established and the demonstration is to begin. A loud speaker has been connected to both receiver and transmitter, so we passengers are permitted to listen in on both ends of the conversations.

We all wait in silence. Van Meter stands with his eyes fixed on the clock. High up on the top deck of the ship are the technical operators, busy at the tuning circuits and modulators. Another technician is at the switchboard plugging in and listening keenly through his head phones. Commodore Cunningham, commander of the *Leviathan*, is in the tele-

phone booth with the receiver held to his ear.

SUDDENLY we hear a scratching sound in the huge cone speaker. This is followed by a humming noise, more scratches, and then a voice clearly and plainly:

"Hello!—Hello!—Is this Commodore Cunningham?"

"Yes—this is he—Hello!"

"Walter Gifford speaking, Commodore—do you hear me plainly?"

"Just as clearly as if you were in the next room."

Then Mr. Gifford (president of the A. T. & T.) made a brief speech pointing out that this was not an experimental tryout, but the inauguration of a commercial service which is to continue as an established institution.

"A number of guests are here in the room, Commodore, and they will take the transmitter in turn. The first is your boss, Mr. Paul W. Chapman."

MR. CHAPMAN, owner of the *Leviathan*, merely exchanged greetings with the commander of his giant liner. Then Jos. E. Sheedy, vice-president of the U. S. Lines, expressed a friendly good morning. After them came "bon voyage" wishes from Lieut. Comm. Craven and Blair of the U. S. Navy, and Arthur Batcheller, supervisor of radio in New York.

The next speaker was Mr. Harold A. Lafount of the Federal Radio Commission. (This is our own Bishop Lafount, formerly of Salt Lake City).

"Hello! Commodore Cunningham—This is Harold Lafount."

"Glad to hear you, Mr. Lafount—"

"Commodore, this inauguration of ship-to-shore telephone service is a signal honor, and no one deserves it more than the owners of the United States Lines and the able commander of that big flagship of our American Merchant Marine fleet."

"Thank you, Mr. Lafount—We think it a privilege, too—"

"Let me congratulate you—and I want also to congratulate the owners and engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., one of the greatest public utility agencies the world has ever known. In a few years, when

this service is extended, it will be possible for passengers on any ship to communicate with their loved ones from their staterooms, a thousand miles at sea. This is truly a day of great achievement. Good-bye, Commodore—Let me wish you a pleasant and safe journey."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Lafount."

THERE was a brief moment of silence while the transmitter was being passed along to the next speaker. The voice was deep and slow, with an amusing drawl:

"Why—a—this is Kent Cooper speaking—Hello!—that's all I can afford to say at seven dollars a minute."

The Commodore's wit was keen:

"Hello!—Hello!—Hello! you see I don't have to pay for this."

Carl Bickel, of the United Press, Frank Mason, International News, David Lawrence, of Consolidated Press—all of them talked informally: voices, personalities, distinct, different. It was a thrilling demonstration.

MR. GIFFORD again took the transmitter and announced that the controls were to be switched to Washington. Soon came the clear, shrill voice of Congressman Fred Britten:

"Hello!—is this you, Cunningham?—How are you, old sport? How's the weather out there?"



SIR THOMAS LIPTON

Famous sportsman and owner of "Shamrock V" was called by the New York Athletic Club and asked about the coming yacht races. Lipton told them he was going to win.

"Oh—the weather's fine—We are all wearing our white flannels."

(This was more of the Commodore's wit. We were wearing flannels, all right, and overcoats also.)

"Give my regards to the purser, Mr. Summitt—Oh yes—and to Dr. Stewart, too.—My wife thinks he's the greatest doctor ever."

(It will be recalled that Mrs. Britten was operated on for appendicitis on a previous voyage of the Leviathan. The ship was stopped in mid-ocean for an hour during the operation).

"How is Mrs. Britten?"

"She's fine, Commodore—feels as well as ever—thanks."

"I'm glad to hear that—will you give her my love?"

"Say! how do you get that way? I'll give her your best regards."

THEN congressman Britten expressed his pleasure at the honor given to the Leviathan and its commander for being first to hear the official ceremonies in ship-to-shore telephonic service.

The receiver hung up and the demonstration was complete. There wasn't a hitch. Everything was perfect. A smile broke over the face of Mr. Van Meter. Applause from the crowd in B deck square attested the appreciation of the thrilled crowd of passenger observers.

It was interrupted by the voice of a bell boy:

"Paging Sir Thomas Lipton! Mr. Lipton!"

Sir Thomas, wearing his yacht-cap, came into the lobby.

"Mr. Lipton is wanted on the telephone! New York calling Mr. Lipton!"

THIS was the first official call from the shore to the ship. It was the New York Athletic Club. They wanted to know about the new Shamrock V and the yacht races next year. Sir Thomas replied:

"I'm going to win this time."

(This is the Thomas Lipton, of Irish ancestry, who left his home in the tenements of Glasgow, Scotland, sixty-five years ago, at the age of fifteen, promising his mother that some day she should have a "carriage and a bonnie house of her own, and a servant." He came to America, on a sailing

ship, saved \$500 and returned, taking a barrel of flour and a rocking chair to his mother. Then he opened a shop. At 22 he had opened his second shop).

"May I place a call?" This time a request from a passenger on board. It was the Countess de Beaumont.

"I should like to get a New York number."

### The Author

CHARACTERISTICALLY vital and interesting is this article, for the author is a young man always on the alert to discover new material, and eminently capable of picturing it to others in a clear manner. Mr. Cornwall, the Recreation Director on the Leviathan, is a former Field worker in the Mutual Improvement Association, and a most energetic one, at that. Thoroughly human and possessed of unusual depths of understanding and sympathy, his affiliation with the M. I. A. was delightful and stimulating. Whether or not he recognizes the fact, the organization claims the credit for providing some of his early opportunity for development, which in a measure prepared him for the interesting field of endeavor awaiting him on the Atlantic Ocean. Typically Latter-day Saint, upright, intelligent and resourceful, Mr. Cornwall is peculiarly fitted to represent to a doubtful world the superiority of "Mormon" youth.

THE huge New York telephone directory was handed to the Countess. She looked up the number, placed the call, came from the booth a little bit flustered with nervous excitement and pleasure. The conversation was private. Our loud speaker wasn't in on it this time. This was regular telephony. The Countess had made the first call, for which she paid \$21.

Other calls made during the next two days while the Leviathan was within range included conversations between the ship and Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia—cities all over the United States and one call to Canada. The farthest south was Atlanta and the farthest west was Seattle.

\* \* \*

SUCH was the commencement of telephone conversations between America and the Leviathan. Three months later the European connections were established. Follow-

ing the Naval Dis-armament Conference in London, the American delegates were returning to Washington. It was important that the English press get into touch with Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson. They called him by radio telephone and the conversation lasted nearly fifteen minutes. I didn't learn if it was a paid call or not. Anyway it had to do with the treaty, but being private, no report of what was said can be made.

Once established, the ship-to-European shore service became instantly popular and calls were registered to London, Paris, Berlin and other cities. The longest distance range for a clear conversation so far on the Leviathan occurred two voyages ago when a commercial circuit was established three thousand miles from the shore. This was of course under excellent atmospheric conditions. The ordinary range is now from 1500 to 2000 miles.

Returning with this voyage was Young Stribling, the coming champion of the prize ring. He talked with his family from mid-ocean to Thomasville, Georgia. He is a fine young man of clean habits. He doesn't smoke and keeps himself in training by rope skipping and other exercise; has no sparring partners but is trained by his father, "Pa" Stribling.

\* \* \*

RADIO telephone of course had its first application between land stations, the first of note being from New York to London about two years ago. Since then the service has been extended to include practically all of Europe, Cuba, Canada, and just recently to South American countries, Argentina and Chile.

Almost overnight the millions of telephones in all countries of the world are being inter-connected, either by radio or cable circuits. We shall soon be able to reach any part of the globe from the telephone instrument on our office desk. Even as I write this article a news dispatch is being sent out from the general offices here in New York announcing reductions in radio-telephone rates.

This closer linking of nations and peoples should surely help us inhabitants of the world to get along better together.



# Green and Gold

MARCENE ANDERSON frowned as the hot grease from the frying meat splashed on her arms and hands. The kitchen was hot and sultry and through the open doors and windows more hot air came in. She sighed and pushed back the damp hair from her forehead. The blisters smarted and stung but there was no time to put anything on them. She put the meat on the platter, the potatoes into a bowl, filled a plate with hot, brown biscuits, and heaped a dish generously with baked macaroni and cheese. Food, nothing but food. Someone was always hungry and wanting something to eat. Still frowning she put the food on the table in the dining-room and stepping to the outside door, called:

"Dinner's ready."

THE men had washed and combed outside. As they came in she raised the blinds and straightened a snowy white curtain that drooped on one side. The others went to their places and sat down, but Keith, her husband, lingered an instant and smiled at her as his hand rested on her shoulder as he passed. Marcene looked up but gave no answering smile. She moved quickly to the table and helped in passing the food and refilling the dishes.

"Good water, this is, Keith; never tasted better. It is as cool as any spring in the mountains," and Mr. Jensen drained his second glass.

"Yes, we have a pretty good well. Sure helps out a lot on days like this. Handy, too, with the engine. We get water for the house and stock in no time. Pretty lucky to have it."

"Luck, that's good. No luck to it, Keith, old man, I know; it's just hard work and plenty of it. Why you've just been here goin' on two year an' look what you've done. Built this house, the best around here; fenced the entire farm; improved the barns, and bought the roadster. Hard work's done it all and you're doin' fine. You'll soon be sittin' pretty now," and the older man helped himself to another biscuit.

By

BLANCHE ROBBINS

"Yes, we've done pretty well, all right, but it's a hard life, this farming is. Up early and work all day except for a little time in the winter and then it's cold and the snow gets pretty deep. We may move to the city as soon as the crops are up and the harvest over."

MARCENE, over by the window, looked up quickly and smiled, but the men at the table showed surprise and disappointment. They were neighbors; helped each other back and forth in the spring and at harvest time. They knew each other's problems and struggles.

"You mean go to the city to live? Why, Keith, don't do that. We'd sure miss you, an' anyway, you're gettin' on top now. Look at your harvest this fall. Wheat is a good price and yours today is runnin' between forty-five and fifty bushels to the acre and every kernel hard as rock and yellow as gold. Man, that's just what it is—yellow gold."

KEITH didn't answer and the meal was finished in silence. The men returned to their work, and Marcene cleared a place at the table and began eating. Keith looked up from the paper.

"That was a good dinner, Marcene, and the men surely enjoyed it. They were starved."

"I'm glad they liked it. Seems as if food is about the only thing they can appreciate; food and talk about farming and threshing. They aren't even human," and she looked around the table at the soiled and dirty places on the cloth.

"They are good friends and neighbors, Marcene, and good men. Don't talk about them that way. I'm sorry everything is so hard and disagreeable for you. I know you don't like the farm and all its work, especially cooking for these men, but it couldn't be help-

ed. They'll go home for supper. I'll try and come in early tonight and we'll go for a little ride," and he left the room.

Marcene piled the dishes up and carried them into the kitchen. Mechanically she straightened the dining-room chairs, brushed up the crumbs from the table and floor, folded the cloth, put a centerpiece in its place and set a vase of flowers on it. She lowered the blinds and started toward the kitchen. As she passed the door she paused, and pushing open the screen stepped out on the cool, shady porch. She looked out across the field to where acres and acres of golden wheat swayed gently back and forth in the breeze. On one side, and in beautiful contrast to the fields of yellow grain she could see fields of green alfalfa.

AS Marcene looked at the patches of green and gold, a memory, half recalled and half forgotten, came to her. She stood there, trying to think what troubled her. There was something she should remember, but just then Keith came around the corner his arms filled with quilts and pillows. Marcene stared at him with surprise.

"Why what on earth are you doing, Keith, and I had the bed all made up fresh," and the customary whine came into her voice as she spoke.

Keith walked on and threw the bedding on the grass under a shady tree. He arranged the quilts and then put the pillows down; one on top of the other. They did look soft and inviting.

"Nothing much, Marcene; just a little surprise, I guess you'd say, and a very little one at that. You looked so tired I thought maybe you would like to lie here and rest this afternoon."

HE smiled up at her, tenderly and happily, and waited eagerly as a boy for one word of thanks or praise, but he waited in vain.

"How can I sleep the afternoon away? As usual there are dishes to do, the front rooms need cleaning, and some of my beans are spoiling," and she turned and



went into the house. Her words jarred on Keith's sensitive ears. He took a step as if to follow her, changed his mind and walked quickly toward the field.

"Sleep indeed! A lot a man knows about housework. Always the same thing from morning till night. Cook, sweep, dust, mop, make beds, wash dishes, and then begin all over again. Not so hard, perhaps, but the same thing over and over again. I'm tired of it all. Why did I ever live on a farm anyway? There's never any time to read or practice or sew." As she said the last words aloud she hesitated and put the dishpan into the cabinet a little more gently than she might otherwise have done.

HEARING a whirring sound overhead she stepped outside and watched an airplane as it winged its way far above the tree tops and out of sight.

As she turned she saw the quilts Keith had spread on the grass for her. The white pillows looked cool.

"I'll sleep just fifteen minutes and perhaps my head will feel better, and anyway, the work will wait for me."

She lay down and looked up at the clear, blue sky. She could hear the drowsy hum of the bees as they flitted from flower to flower. The cool breeze fanned her hot face. The murmur of the bees became fainter and fainter, and her tired eyelids drooped.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE gymnasium was beautiful in trellis work and spring blossoms. Shaded lights cast soft, colorful shadows here and there, and these were reflected again on the polished floor. On either side were large, full-length mirrors, and as the dancers glided by, many a fair coed looked shyly over her partner's shoulder and smiled at the reflection she saw. Curled hair, cheeks aglow, sparkling eyes and lips laughing, a filmy dress, and the picture was complete. As one girl turned away her partner smiled at her.

"Miss Vanity Fair, but I don't blame you. If I looked half as adorable I'd spend the entire evening in front of a mirror. You are always pretty to me but tonight you are beautiful. I like

your hair combed that way, and your eyes are like starshine, and—

"Oh, Keith, not here. We are in a dance and you promised not to talk that way again, and—"

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry. I didn't mean it—yes, I did mean it, but I shouldn't have told you here. Anyway, Marcene, it's partly your fault, for you made me promise to wait until tonight. Well, this is tonight, and I have something to say to you," and as the dance ended he guided her, not back to the group of friends they were with, but past them and toward a secluded corner he knew.

As they passed, the others laughed, and one of the boys called out, "No fair, Keith, she's mine for the next one," and a pretty girl by him added, "Marcene and Keith, how lovable they both are! They were made for each other."

OUTSIDE, the spring night was balmy and warm. The air was laden with the perfume of wet ground and growing things. A round, full moon hung low, and shimmered through the branches of the tree above them.

"I love you, Marcene, and you promised to tell me tonight. I've been waiting a long time—four years, but they have been happy years here at the old school and with you. Dick cares for you, too, but he just couldn't love you as I do. He'll be a lawyer; that's fine, and someday, maybe, he'll be a wealthy man and have gold and all that it can buy to offer you. I have the farm father left me, and, Marcene, next harvest time there will be gold there, too, patches of gold, and close by the gold, patches of green. Green and gold—it is beautiful. Many a time I have stood on the little hill back of the house and prayed that sometime you would be there with me. What is your answer, Marcene? Do you care enough to come with me?"

AS she did not answer he looked deep into her eyes.

"Marcene, is it Dick?"

She smiled and took his hand.

"Didn't you miss Dick tonight? I told him a week ago and he has gone east. I thought you knew."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I love you, Keith. You are the one I have always cared for. I want to see the patches of green

and gold," and she laughed happily.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Laughing in your sleep, Marcene, means happy dreams, and you talked, too. You said, 'Keith, I love you,'" and Keith laughed, too, as Marcene opened her blue eyes and smiled at him. Keith was sitting on the quilts by her. Then she remembered. Fifteen minutes, indeed! She had dreamed the afternoon away, and it was early evening.

"You are right, Keith. I do love you better than anything in all the world. Can you ever forgive me for being so cross and mean? It was wicked of me, and I'm sorry," and tears came into her eyes.

"There's nothing to forgive, Marcene, and I'm glad you are feeling better. I've eaten a bite; let's go for a ride."

"No, Keith, let's go for a walk out on the little hill. I want to see the patches of green and gold."

HE followed her, hardly understanding.

"Sit here by me, Keith. Don't you remember the night of our Senior Ball how happy we were about everything? You told me of the patches of green and gold. Look down into the field. That's what I mean—the fields of yellow grain and green alfalfa. They are beautiful to me and I'm glad I chose them. You've done everything for me—even built the dream house you promised, and made me a flower garden. I love our little home and doing things for you. The work hasn't been hard at all. It was just my—I have been looking at things the wrong way. College days were happy days, but these two years with you are the happiest I've ever known. I don't know why I've been so cross with you these last few weeks."

"You don't? I do, Marcene."

She looked away across the fields of green and gold, to the setting sun. Together they watched the last rays fade sleepily away behind a bank of golden clouds, then she looked up at him and smiled.

"Oh,.....and Keith, let's always and always be here where we can see the patches of green and gold."

# Hand-Made Rugs

By GLEN J. BEELEY

THE wide-spread interest in handicraft which the arts and crafts movement has aroused has revived old time industries. Our great grandmothers and our grandmothers have handed down to us these simple crafts, and a revival of them under newer ideals should call out general attention and prove a valuable addition to modern home making.

THESE crafts should appeal to the amateur because they require only simple materials and equipment. The left-overs and cast-offs of a household will often prove an ample supply. The tools are also of the simplest.

Few articles of home furnishing are more useful or decorative than a well-made and attractive rug. And among the interesting techniques which have been revived from the old time crafts are numerous hand-made rugs. These are the braided rug, the scalloped rug, the knitted rug, the crocheted rug, the hooked rug, the needle-woven rug, and the colonial rag rug. All of these rugs fall into two divisions, according to the manner of making. In the first division are rugs made with the simplest hand tools and without anything approaching machinery. The braided rug, the scalloped, the crocheted, the tufted and knitted rugs are in this class. The hooked and needle-woven rugs lead from this division to the more mechanically developed rug, the colonial rag rug.

THE only tool used in making the braided and scalloped rug is the sewing needle. The crocheted and knitted rugs are made with the crochet hook and the knitting needles respectively. In this division the rugs are all made without a frame. The hooked rug which follows them in point of development is the first of the hand-made rugs to be made on a frame.

The only other tool used in making the hooked rug is the hook or needle from which it gets its name.

BECAUSE the method of making these old-time rugs is so simple, their design must corre-

spond in type, for without appropriate design these old-time rugs cannot be beautiful. Even technical perfection cannot make an attractive rug if the element of good taste is lacking.

The beginner is likely to fall through over-ornamentation, and technical knowledge has a restraining influence in the use of ornament for it teaches what to leave out just as discriminating taste will teach what to use.

Handicraft is beautiful only when ornamentally restrained, and meaningless decoration impairs its usefulness. The slogan of the handicraft worker is to make the useful beautiful, for "that which is thoroughly fitted to its use is nearly always beautiful."

THE practical worker uses only the type of design which harmonizes with the process by which the rug is made, and does not indiscriminately imitate the character of another rug.

Any ornamental feature applied to a problem in handicraft must be intimately related to the special structure of each particular type.

For example, the most distinctive feature of the braided rug is developed from the manner in which the three strands of braid are arranged, for by braiding together two strands of a darker color with one of a very much lighter color a characteristic pattern develops when the braids are sewed together in circular rows. By emphasizing this feature in the design the rug gets a charm peculiarly its own and becomes through a technical feature, a rug distinctive in appearance.

ANOTHER and similar example is found in the hooked rug. This is made by filling up a foundation of burlap with loops of cloth. These strips may be either of cotton, wool or silk, but whatever the material used they represent a very coarse thread, and with coarse thread, a design with a great deal of detail cannot be carried. The most appropriate design for a hooked rug is one with large spaces of different colors in

the same degree of tone value. To illustrate, there could be a color scheme in three colors, blue, green and gray. These colors must be present in approximately equal amounts and in the same degree of tone. The blue and green should be used for the figures of the pattern, while the gray should come in as the background. An outline of black and one of white may be added to relieve any monotony. These outlines surround all the figures and separate them from the background. To attempt a more detailed treatment in a hooked rug would not be successful.

HOOKEED rugs are made from cotton, wool, or silk. Very successful materials for hooked rugs which give a beautiful effect are silk and rayon cut from hose and underwear. The material is first dyed and then cut round and round, each strip being about  $\frac{3}{4}$  to one inch wide.

The foundation is first stretched on a wooden frame. It is made of burlap or onion sacks. The principal technical feature of the rug is the hooking of the strips of material into a foundation, where the collective loops form the textile. The loops are crowded in between the meshes of the burlap and held by pressing one against the other.

THE woolen rug is clipped after it is hooked. Clipping is an improvement for the color in the flannel loop deepens when it is cut, and becomes velvety. Another way to add variety of tone value in the surface of the rug is to dye the cotton and woolen strips somewhat unevenly. A cotton rug is not clipped because it only frays, and fraying would weaken the texture of the rug.

The summer time is an ideal time for such work. If you have never made a rug of the sort described above, try one this year, and thereafter you will find it a simple matter to make use of old silk underwear and hosiery in the creation of useful, attractive rugs. Read *The Craft of Rug-making*, by Amy Hicks.



# Recreation in the Home

## V

### Constructive Play and Games

**SCISSORS and Paste:** The child of three or four is ready for a pair of small blunt scissors under a certain amount of supervision, and paste may follow soon after. For a while paper and cardboard need be the only materials.

A carton from the grocer makes an ideal doll house and old manila filing folders furnish first class material for furniture. A few shoe boxes, writing paper boxes, cereal cartons, etc., will furnish all necessary building material for a whole farm or an entire village, including buildings, fences, trees, bridges, etc. People and animals are to be cut from magazines. Clothes pins provide gate posts, bed posts, table legs and the like, while spools and corks are useful as flower pots, tree stands, bridge underpinnings, etc. A piece of mirror makes a beautiful lake for boats, ducks, geese, swans, frogs and turtles. Walnut shells or raisins with clove legs make realistic turtles as well as boats which will really sail.

Paper cut the shape of a turtle is pasted on half a shell. A match or tooth pick stuck in candle wax dropped into a half shell makes a mast. Paper sails complete the boat.

Paper dolls ( $\frac{1}{2}$  inch long) cut from tissue paper can be made to dance by rubbing a piece of woolen cloth or silk briskly over a piece of window glass placed directly over them. The dolls should be laid on a table and the glass supported on two books about one inch and a half thick. This works best when there is considerable "static" electricity in the air. The room should not be too warm.

**Things Girls Like to Make:** Girls enjoy making many of the things boys make. By an early age the girl develops a dexterity with the fingers superior than that of the boy. It is therefore in the finer handicrafts that she finds one of the best avenues of expression—in sewing, embroidery, stenciling, weaving, bead work, basketry, play handicraft in crepe paper and wax.

The girl's ability with the

needle will develop more rapidly if she is allowed to make things such as dolls' clothes. Basketry is an art acquired and there are many books telling how it may be done.

**A Few Sources of Help:** Among the many books containing suggestions for making toys and other articles are the following:

"American School Toys," Charles A. Kunou, The Bruce Publishing Co., 204 Montgomery Building, Milwaukee, Wis.  
"Bird Houses Boys Can Build," by Albert F. Siepert, Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill.

"Box Furniture," Louise Brigham, The Century Co., New York City.

"Cork Toys," Jane T. Hoxie, Kindergarten Review, December, 1912.

Dennison's Instruction Book.

How to Make Paper Costumes.

Weaving with Paper Rope.

Sealing Wax Art.

Tables and Favers.

How to Decorate Halls, Booths and Automobiles.

How to Make Crepe Paper Flowers.

"Educational Toys," by Louis C. Petersen, The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill.

"Home Handicrafts for Boys," by A. Neely Hall, George H. Doran Co.

"Making Tin Can Toys," Edward Thatcher, J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Suggestions for Hand Work in School and Home," by Jane T. Hoxie, Milton, Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass.

"Toy Patterns," by Michael C. Dank, The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill.

"Manual Training Toys," by Harris W. Moore, The Manual Arts Press.

"Coping Saw Work," by Johnson, The Manual Arts Press, Peoria, Ill.

"Kitcraft," by Charles Miller, The Manual Arts Press.

"Toy Making in Home and School," by R. K. and M. G. R. Polkinghorne.

**Things Boys Like to Make:** The boy may begin at an early age with soap carving. Ivory soap will provide the foundation material for ducks, boats, fishes and turtles which will make useful floating toys. Cork will provide good whittling material and all sorts of toys may be made from it. Old corks are most satisfactory, but sheet cork may also be purchased.

With the aid of a coping saw and boxes of thin wood he may further develop his ability. Puzzles may now be made—and more toys—as well as many other useful articles. Wood one-quarter inch thick, obtainable from a lumber dealer, serves as good material.

Among the many articles which can be made are the following:

**Bird Houses:** This is a worthwhile activity for boys and girls and at the same time will provide homes for the feathered friends.

In building bird houses, it is better to build simple houses used by wrens, bluebirds and robins. Secure boards from an old soap-box, a wooden starch box or even shingles, a hammer, a saw and a few nails, and you are ready to begin.

A wren-house is one of the simplest to construct. The dimensions are, floor cavity, 4"x4", with a depth of 7"; diameter of entrance, circular  $\frac{7}{8}$ "; entrance above floor 5"; thickness of boards  $\frac{1}{2}$ " or  $\frac{3}{4}$ ".

A small hole should be made in the floor for drainage, and holes may also be placed just beneath the eaves for ventilation. These add greatly to the comfort of the birds on hot days. All houses should be easy to open, so that they can be cleaned at the end of the season. When mounted on a pole, white is the best color. The color of the bird house should be similar to the object to which it is attached. The wren house should be placed from six to ten feet above the ground.

Woodpeckers like a home made like the trunk of a tree. Wren houses must have an opening not larger than a quarter of a dollar, and Martens insist on a tenement house, with neighboring families in each room. There are many birds, however, that will gladly make their nest in any shaped house you may build, provided the place is safe.

A shelf, with or without a roof, nailed to your window ledge, makes a good feeding station. Have a wire cage with large meshes to hold suet, a corn hopper arrangement to fill with suet or an automaton that replaces the food as fast as it is eaten.

The Department of Agriculture issues a bulletin (Farmers Bulletin No. 1456) called Bird Houses and How to Build Them, which gives many good ideas on this subject.

**Kites:** Kite making and flying



are interesting to the boy and oftentimes to the girl.

There are many designs, but the tail-less bow kite is the most easily made and most successful flyer. The specifications are few and if carefully followed the kite is always successful. It requires very little wind, and can be flown in a minimum of space and with a minimum of effort.

Two strips split from a bamboo fishing pole make the best frame. These should be the same length and notched at the ends.

Next bend one of the sticks into a bow with an arc having a radius about one-eighth of its length; then attach the bow, at its exact middle, to the other stick at exactly right angles and at a point one-fifth from the end. Run a string around the frame not too tight but tied securely at each of the four points. Paste paper loosely on convex side of frame. Lap about one inch of paper over string all around. Paste around edges only. For a kite three feet in length, newspaper is about the right weight, for smaller kites a thinner paper is better.

Attach belly band to upright stick at point one-fourth of length above cross bar and one-fourth of length below. Belly band should be on convex side of kite. Make small holes through paper to attach. Flying string may be tied to belly band at point opposite bow or may be left as loop sliding freely on band.

If properly constructed, this kite should rise directly from the hands of the one holding the string. If it does not, place on ground convex side down and top toward wind. After carrying string ten or fifteen yards to windward, draw in few yards of string and kite will rise. This kite avoids the necessity of running or having another person hold the kite. By alternately jerking and paying out string, kite will readily rise above tree tops and houses and into steady current of air.

**Pushmobiles and Scooters:** A pushmobile is very easy to make. All that is necessary is four wheels, two axles, a little lumber and some string. Set the wheels on the axles, get a 6"x2" piece of wood 8 feet long and attach wheels to this, taking care that the front wheels are placed so that they will turn either way. Tie string to the front wheel on each side of the

body for steering purposes. To operate, one boy rides and another pushes. Of course a pushmobile can have a much better appearance and be made to look like a racing auto if a little more time is given the project. Parts of boxes may be made to look like a hood, and a regular steering wheel instead of a string will give the effect of a real auto. It is possible, too, to put a pipe along the side to represent the exhaust pipe. A good pushmobile can be made from a coaster wagon.

A scooter is really much easier to make than a pushmobile, but only half the fun to operate. The equipment consists of a set of rollers from a skate, a piece of 6"x2" wood about 3 feet long and a piece of wood 2"x2" and 3 feet long. Place the rollers at each end of the 6"x2" wood on the flat side. At one end put the 2"x2" piece upright. Attach a little cross-piece at the right height for handle bars. To operate, place one foot on and push with the other.

**Stilts:** Stilts are readily made from two sticks the size of clothes poles (1"x2"x6"). Cleats for steps may be found ready made in the pieces usually cut from rafters in the building of a house.

**Radios:** This is a step which holds the interest of a great majority of boys at the present time. The Bureau of Standards, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., has published a series of inexpensive pamphlets on the making of radios. Because of the innovations which are constantly being made, it will be well for the enthusiast in radio construction to consult radio magazines. Many of the larger daily papers also contain information on radio making. A good many of the parts for homemade radios may be purchased at the ten cent stores.

A. Neely Hall's book, *Home Handicraft for Boys*, contains four chapters on this subject, as well as ideas for many other projects. Published by George H. Doran Company, 244 Madison Avenue, New York City.

**Airplanes:** Making airplanes is a recent development which has caught the imagination of the boys of America and which is laying the foundation for the development of future scientists.

A book entitled *Building and Flying Aircraft*, issued by the P. R. A. A. (price \$2.25), con-

tains detailed information on model airplane making. It is profusely illustrated with plans and diagrams.

Many other toys and articles may be made by boys. A number are suggested in *Handcraft*, a book of patterns with directions for making toys, favors and useful articles published by the P. R. A. A. (\$1.25). Other helpful books will be found listed under *A Few Sources of Help*.

## Games Around the Table

**SCOUTING for Words:** Select some class of words such as animals, birds, trees, girls' names. In the case of animals each person in turn tries to name an animal beginning with A until there are no more. The first person who cannot name another animal beginning with A has a point scored against him, and the letter B is treated similarly. This goes on through the entire alphabet and the person with the least number of points wins.

**Progressive Stories:** Thrilling tales are frequently the result of this pastime. One player starts telling a story and after a few minutes (perhaps in the middle of a sentence) he says "next!" and the next person must take up the story where he left off. This goes around the circle until the last person caps the story with a fitting climax.

**Trades:** Every player, except one who holds the office of leader, selects a trade or profession which he must retain throughout the game. The reader opens a book at random and reads a passage aloud. When he comes to any common noun he looks at one of the tradesmen, who must instantly name some article that he is supposed to have for sale, or some implement connected with the exercise of his craft. By this substitution of one noun for another, the most pathetic passage is converted into an indescribable jumble of absurdities.

**The Four Elements:** The party is seated in a circle. The player who commences the game takes a knotted handkerchief and throws it suddenly into another's lap, calling out at the same time, "earth," "water," "air," or "fire." If "earth" is called out, the player must respond with the name of some quadruped before the other

can count ten; if "water," he must name a fish; if "air," a bird, and if "fire," he must remain silent. Should a player name a wrong animal, or speak when he should be silent, he must take his turn at throwing the handkerchief. But should he perform his task properly he must throw the handkerchief back to the first player, who repeats the action with some other person.

**Beanbag Games:** These are many and varied and can be adapted to home conditions. Frequently the making of a board or other equipment for these games can be made an interesting recreational activity for the whole family. Some beanbag games are: beanbag circle, toss, fox and squirrel, duck on a rock, beanbag throw, catch basket, criss-cross goal, fetch and carry, and jump the beanbag.

**Five in a Row:** For this simple game mark on a paper or board any number of squares. Each player adopts a special mark, a circle, a cross, a star or a check. The object is for each player to get five of his marks in a row, up and down, across or diagonally. Each plays in turn and tries to block the others from getting five in a row. Marks may be put anywhere on the board.

**Tissue Paper Race:** Each player cuts a square of tissue paper and puts upon it some initial or mark by which it may be identified. Four inches is a good-sized square. At one end of the row, two book ends or other solid objects are set up about a foot apart. A two-foot space is good for the first game. At the other end of the room the players are lined up, armed with fans. When the word "go" is given, each starts to fan his square the length of the room and through the goal posts. The first to waft the tiny paper through the goal posts wins.

This game can also be played on a table with eggs from which the contents have been blown. In this case no fans are used, each person blowing his eggshell across the table.

For other social games see the M. I. A. Handbook.

### Pets and Objects of Affection

**KEEPING Pets:** "The child who is starved for the lack of pets," Dr. William G. Vinal has said, "has failed to that extent in

developing his own personality. His sympathies have failed to develop that much. One great source of social play has been amputated. To have animals in his environment is in his blood. Animals have been a part of his family life ever since dog and man took to hob-nobbing. They are a great moral influence. He seeks them as his muscles seek tools, his stomach food, and his eyes light."

In an informal study which is being made among several hundred young men and women, of activities and relationships in early life which in their opinion did most to create stability of home ties, it has been interesting to learn how many of the activities mentioned were recreational in their scope, things which the family did together in their leisure time. The keeping of pets ranks high in the list. Many of the young people recall vividly the influence this had on their early life.

There are few children who do not desire some kind of pet—a dog, a kitten or a rabbit. Nothing is more important than the developing of the mothering instinct and the instinct of comradeship through play which very early in life takes this realistic form. Cruelty to animals and fear of them are often times overcome if children can have an early acquaintance with them. Entire care and responsibility for the pets may rest with the children, thereby giving them a real education in the life and habits of animals. If there are boys in the family the construction of a house for the pets will be an interesting project.

Dogs are probably the most popular pet and it is a distinct advantage to have the dog grow up with the child from babyhood. Cats are popular with many children and rabbits rank near the head of the list. If there is a very limited space, canaries and gold fish will suffice although these cannot take the place of the pets the children can actually play with.

### Gardening

**BEAUTIFY** your home surroundings. Make your spot of earth a delight to the eye and a joy to all who enter or pass. The eternal miracle of the Resurrection is repeated each time you sow the seeds and they germinate and grow

and bloom. To feel the breathing of old Mother earth as you put your eager hands into her bosom and prepare it for the seed; to watch the earth, eager for the rain, open her pores and drink like a thirsty child; to see the plants quiet, intent, leaves expectant and flowers longing for the coming rain; to walk in the garden in the early morning to watch it waken with the dawn, the flowers gently shaken by the dawn breezes; to see the last misty haze of night disappear before the rising sun—then the soul is too full for speech. Only unutterable adoration and appreciation of God fills the heart. Do let some of us make a garden. Learn the nature of plants, what they like to eat, how much water they need, where they like to grow, the varieties that live under the same conditions. Learn about soils, nature of the plants that thrive in different soils.

Children, taught to recognize the first two leaves of Asters, Mignonette or Zinnia from chicken weed and dandelion, are given a capacity for future joy in their environment.

Almost every child has a desire to plant seeds and watch them grow. Nothing can give him a much better occupation than to develop his own garden. A little plot should be given the child for his own private use. The vegetables he grows he may sell to his parents for the dinner table at the prevailing market price, or they may be a special gift to the family from time to time. In any case, raising flowers and vegetables will be a liberal education to the child, as well as giving him good physical exercise. If a piece of ground is not available, a wooden box will be better than no garden at all.

The book, "*When Mother Lets Us Garden*," published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City, price \$1.25, contains considerable material which will be helpful to the children in making gardens.

### The Automobile

**TO** leave home seems to be the paramount issue in the hearts of boys at a certain age. Many parents have this problem to face, and, because they do not realize that the boy is acting under a natural urge of youth too many attempt to face it by keeping him even closer at home. This funda-

(Continued on page 643)



# Out of the Burning

(Continued from page 609)

very thing," he replied. "She is tired of her idle life. Says it is empty and meaningless. We're both going to work for a year, and then, if we're still interested in each other, it may be different. You know, you gave me a jar. I had never before heard of a girl leaving a room while a man was asking her to marry him. I learned I wasn't so much. I learned that all girls are not mercenary. Good-bye, Pamela."

Pamela did not resent his familiar tone. She was glad to learn of his better nature, but still more happy over Portia's decision to work. If she could only learn to appreciate the happiness which a sense of independence would bring!

At Harrison Home a real surprise awaited the arrival of nurse and patient. Doctor Locke and Dick, Steve and Abe were gathered around a fifth person whose dark blue blouse could not conceal the mountaineer's build. He was telling an interesting story and the five heads nearly touched. Even Judge Harrison leaned over to hear. Why it was Bud. A changed Bud. No halting speech, no confusion, but straight-forward and smiling, with a friendly grip to his hand shake.

"I'm proud to see youns again, Curly," he spoke with no trace of embarrassment, no hint of their last meeting. "I must thank you for being so good to little Steve."

FROM within came the women—Mother Echo all smiles over the new clothes she had procured for Millie and the store teeth which subtracted years from Casy's appearance. Aunt Eunice and Portia, both smiling and mysterious. Portia looked so much more satisfied and contented, now the decision was made, it would really be easy.

"Oh, my boy!" cried Millie, unable to keep her face entirely free from tears, "Curly shore did drive away thet thar misery!"

"He says he ain't goin' ter go home ter Crow's Nest no more. He says he nary wants ter live with weuns no more." Abe knew tears were feminine, but the memory of that terrible afternoon had made an indelible mark upon him.

"Come over here, Pamela," beckoned Portia. "I've decided to go into business. I am not going to marry Spike Reeves until he can at least support himself. Dad has agreed to loan me the money, and I am going to open an art and antique shop. So the folks won't lose us both at once," she concluded. "You seem to be the only one who didn't know he was crazy about you, Pamela. How nice that must be!"

"CURLY," Steve Turner came forward and spoke in his heavy punctuated manner, "This hyar young doctor says thet thar boy would adied ef et hadn't a bin fur youns. Weuns can't pay youns no money, Curly, but weuns kin gev you another deed ter thet thar land o' ours. We've kept them thar taxes took keer of." Pamela choked and cast a hopeless glance at Young Doctor Locke. Everyone seemed to want to find something to do; even Judge Harrison looked off at the sky. The needed diversion came from Doctor Dick, who produced a pair of crutches and cried gaily, "Come on, Steve, show the folks

how you can walk, and go tell the nurse lady not to take Grandpa's farm."

ALL eyes turned upon the child, making his first effort to walk. Unsteadily, falteringly, he stood up and awkwardly put a foot to the floor. He grasped the crutches, felt their friendly support and became braver. Pamela and Millie both jumped toward him as he hesitated and seemed to lose his balance. One uncertain step, then another, and still another with a purpose and decision, straight toward Millie.

"I'm a comin' back ter youns, Mammy," he mumbled, white from the exhaustive effort, "but Curly's a comin' some day ter bring me books. She's got larnin' ways, an' Doctor Dick likes her same as me."

Millie cried unrestrainedly as her first-born reached the protection of her shoulder, and Doctor Dick hastened to add, "Yours was the first and greatest love, Millie, we all knew that. Pamela, you have to take second place with that young man; but I'm going to fill the void!" (The End).

## Jean Waschgaw the Iron-Eater

(Continued from page 621)

But John is not the only celebrity in the branch, for living with him is his uncle, only three years older than he and red-headed too! This young man is an artist

of remarkable talent. His record, too, may be verified; for those who are fortunate enough to visit the international exposition scheduled this coming summer in com-



M. I. A. DRAMA IN BELGIUM



memoration of the centennial of the foundation of Belgium's independence, may see a dozen of his designs and paintings conspicuously displayed to the entire world.

Recently this young man arranged the stage of the new Church chapel just completed in Seraing, and for the first drama, the ever popular, "Peg of my Heart," was played in the new edifice, and the players, all members of the branch M. I. A., enjoyed a superb background and setting. Everything was constructed and arranged by members of the Church, for in this branch there happens to be an electrician, a carpenter and a genuine artist, whose hearts as well as their skill were put into this worthwhile endeavor.

THE author was describing the beauty of the stage to a friend of the Church who has the irritating habit of making facetious remarks about Americans, and in part he said: "Is it as good as those which you have in America?" He was given the reply that it was as fine and even finer than many which are to be found in the famous Beehive state, and the answer was not at all exaggerated.

Wherever these inspired auxiliary organizations of the Church have been put into operation there real progress may be found, not only in the promulgation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ but also in the application of its morale—in teaching people how to live together happily and hopefully. The beauty and efficacy of the Savior's plan takes definite form in the lives of all those who abide by its teachings and participate in the fruits of such a desirable tree. These two young men, Jean and Joseph Waschgaw, are giving daily to hundreds of people a testimony of what the Gospel may do for all the honest-hearted people to be found in this battle-scarred, but ever-thriving little nation of Belgium.

## Freedom

SOMEONE has said "There is no more conclusive argument against bondage, whether physical or intellectual, than that man becomes satisfied with such thrall-dom. Even the nightingale will not sing in its cage unless you first put its eyes out. And man's eyes must be put out before he can sing in a cage!"

# The Historicity of Jesus

(Continued from page 610)

granted that our chief evidence is the gospel narratives and the writings of Paul. These, however, stand a most rigid test. Says Hopkins,<sup>7</sup> "Within almost a generation of his death, the words and activities of Jesus and his immediate followers were committed to writing. This account is too near the event to justify doubt as to the historicity of Jesus."

But there is supporting testimony worthy of consideration—extra Biblical evidence that cannot be well gainsaid. Clement of Rome, writing near the end of the first century declared, "The apostles received the gospel for us from the Lord, Jesus Christ." Of course the Christian tradition generally accepted Christ without question. Heretics, against whom Ignatius and others warned the followers, did not question at all the actual appearance of Jesus on earth.

THAT this Christian tradition was accepted by Roman writers who at least casually mention Christ is of vital importance. Pliny in a letter to Trajan (112 AD) asks anxiously about his duties with reference to Christians in his province of Bithynia. He seems to think there is little danger from them, that the superstition is dying out. He found some, he said, who offered incense to Caesar and cursed Christ. He writes as though the actuality of Christ's life is well known. He tells us nothing in particular about him, but finds

that the center of Christian worship is Christ to whom they sing hymns of praise.

Suetonius, in his lives of the Twelve Caesars (Ca. 120 AD) twice apparently refers to Christianity. While there is considerable vagueness about his reference to one Christus who created a disturbance among the Jews in Rome, it is fair to presume that he knew there were followers of a character named Christ.

BE that as it may, Tacitus,<sup>8</sup> a Roman historian of great note, refers explicitly and definitely to Christ after whom the Christians whom Nero persecuted were named. Moreover, he gives the information that Jesus (clearly the Jesus of gospel history) was put to death by Pontius Pilate in the reign of Tiberius Caesar. Tacitus lived in the latter part of the first century and the early second century. His Annals date about 115 AD.

Here then are three Roman writers who may be cited in support of the gospel story of the historic Jesus, viz., Pliny, Suetonius, and Tacitus. For Jewish writers—extra Biblical—Josephus is now pretty generally accredited as a supporting witness as set forth by Elder Sjordahl in the March Era.

In the face, then, of a well accredited historical Jesus, the labored effort of some great scholars to give a legendary account of him falls to the ground.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup>Tacitus, Annal XV—44.

<sup>8</sup>Hopkins, E. W., "The History of Religions," p. 552. Cf. Drake, Durant, "Problems of Religion," pp. 63-64.

<sup>9</sup>For a thorough discussion of this whole question, see, Case, S. J., "The Historicity of Jesus."

## "That's the Berries!"

(Continued from page 620)

"I'll help," Marianne said, flying from the look she saw on David's face.

"No you won't," said David. "I want to talk to you, right now." He slipped an arm about her shoulders and led her away, unresisting.

Alice had the dishes filled and was standing thoughtfully when Jimmie came bounding up the

stairs with a bottle of triple X cream.

"Where are they?" he said, attempting to push by her.

ALICE stopped him.

"Give 'em a chance," she said.

"You didn't mean that about Kent, did you?" Jimmie asked, begging for reassurance.

(Continued on page 642)

# PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve; and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

## Aaronic Priesthood Supervision

THE following instructions relative to the selection and duties of the Aaronic Priesthood supervisors in the various wards of Ogden Stake have been prepared and sent out by the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee of that stake, of which W. W. Rawson is chairman, with the approval of the stake presidency. These splendid instructions are presented here for the information of all those engaged in this important work:

First. The bishopric should select the best boys' men for committeemen. Second. After they are called and set apart they, the committee, should direct all activities of the Aaronic Priesthood under the direction of the bishopric.

Third. Bishopric should not go over the heads of the committee in making any assignments, but if they want anything done by the boys, instruct the committee to direct the work.

Fourth. The bishopric should recognize the committee the same as they do the superintendent and teachers of Sunday School or M. I. A.

Fifth. The committee should make recommendations to the bishopric for their approval and receive instructions from the bishopric to carry out.

a. In organizing or reorganizing a Priesthood quorum the bishopric should consult with the Aaronic Priesthood Committee before final action is taken.

b. For promotions in the Priesthood, the bishopric should request recommendations from the Aaronic Priesthood Committee.

c. The bishopric should advise the committee of all boys over eleven years of age who may be considered prospective deacons. These boys should then be invited to meet with the deacons to prepare them, at least six months before they become 12 years of age.

d. The bishopric should then send out a notice to the young man, and if agreeable for him to be promoted ask him, with his father, to appear before the bishopric. After the bishopric is satisfied that he should be promoted then his name should be presented to the membership of the ward.

e. A member of the Aaronic Priesthood Committee should be a member of the ward teaching department of

the Church Service Committee and direct assignments of members of the Aaronic Priesthood in ward teaching.

f. In all classes in Sunday School comprising members of the Aaronic Priesthood, there should be at least one member of the Melchizedek Priesthood to act as class teacher.

Sixth. Committee should submit a monthly report to the bishopric for their consideration and ask for recommendations from the bishopric as to their work the following month.

Seventh. Instructions should be given by the bishopric to the committee on the following:

a. Every boy should be given an assignment.

b. No one boy should be selected to administer the sacrament, baptize, pass the sacrament, take part in socials, fraternal work, on programs, in dramas, speak, pray, messenger service, etc., every Sunday where there are sufficient to pass the honors around; but every boy should be given equal opportunity and privileges. Every assignment should be checked by the supervisor and in no instance should an unfilled duty be passed by the supervisor without impressing the boy with the seriousness of failure to fulfill a sacred duty.

Eighth. Missionary Work.

a. Get the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of every member of the Lesser Priesthood of the ward.

b. Learn their habits and desires.

c. If not attending Priesthood meetings and Sunday School, and are otherwise inactive, consult the parents first, find out from them the reason, then proceed to labor with them in love.

d. Don't preach at them. Do not emphasize the wrong they are doing. Don't chastise them. Don't magnify their faults, but work with them in the spirit of love, even as the missionary does out in the world. Don't quit until you have every boy active.

Ninth. Build up quorum identities.

a. Adhere to revealed order respecting the presidency of the quorum.

b. Committee should never take the place of the presidency.

c. Encourage the quorum to attend in a body at a funeral of a member in case of death, or a member of his family.

d. Encourage socials as quorums and as members of the entire Aaronic Priesthood; encourage home parties among those who may be inactive.

e. In case there should be feelings among the members of the quorum try to rectify same and thus promote a good fellowship among all.

Tenth. The foregoing instructions are intended to assist the members of the bishopric in their duties as the presidency of the Aaronic Priesthood and not relieve them of the responsibility of meeting with Aaronic Priesthood quorums and classes and directing the work.

## Industry

THE brief, practical discussion of the topic presented herewith was sent as a message for March by the Los Angeles and Hollywood stakes to their members through the ward teachers. It is commended to the attention of all ward bishoprics and stake presidencies as an appropriate presentation of an important matter affecting the welfare of our young people, about which they should be advised by their parents and their spiritual leaders:

"Industry is the foremost factor in the great business of successful living, and it is a cardinal principle in the teachings of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"Wherever the Mormon people are found, they have established a reputa-

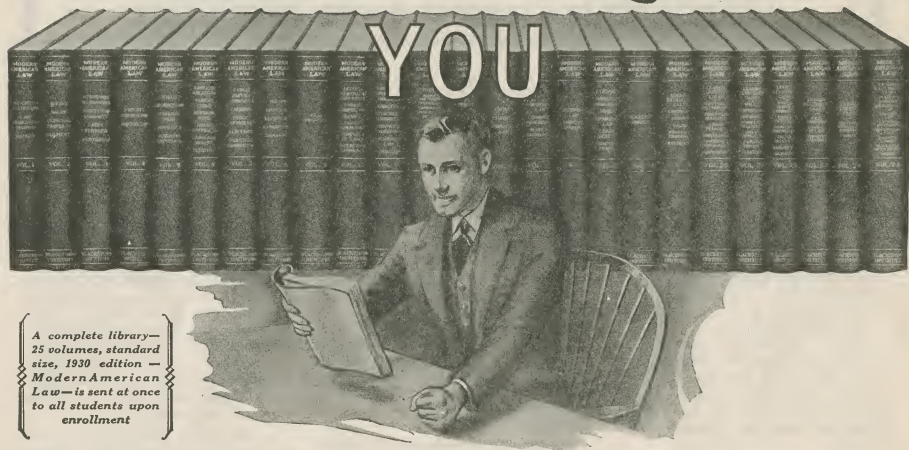
tion for industry. They have constructed irrigation systems; they have reclaimed deserts; they have cleared waste lands; they have founded communities, built homes, and set into operation the benign forces of government, education and religion.

"Out of such great labors was fashioned that character known as 'Mormon.' He was a man of hardihood, courage and vision. He was an empire builder.

"But, these great labors are no longer available for the fashioning and development of the Mormon character. The Latter-day Saint must fit into the new industry—taking into it his hardihood, courage and vision. The

(Continued on page 643)

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## The June Conference

NOT since our Jubilee in 1925 have we had quite such a Conference as the one just passed. The spirit of the Centennial was in the air and every one of the large number of delegates was actuated by it—the spirit of re-dedication and unspoken pledge to live and maintain Gospel standards and particularly to give devoted service in the cause of youth. The challenge thrown out by the theme of the Conference—"Onward with Mormon Ideals"—was caught up by the officers and members alike and from the whole-hearted enthusiastic response the Church can be confident that the M. I. A. will do its part nobly in the century which lies ahead.

Special effort had been made to make this conference a gathering of young people as well as of leaders and so two sessions were set apart for this purpose—one on the morning of the second day for the younger members of the organization—Scouts, Vanguards, and Bee-Hive and Junior girls, and one on Sunday evening, the closing meeting, for the M Men and Gleaners.

That both of these measured up fully to the expectation of those directing them, all who were fortunate to be present will attest. They were both lovely events of a spiritual and educational character and the thousands of young men and young women, boys and girls who participated, manifested a fine spirit of loyalty and devotion to the faith of their fathers. Also inspiring was the splendid program on adult education, which occupied one entire afternoon, and the fine general sessions in which messages from the General Superintendent and President, stirring appeals on law observance and enforcement, the earnest address on the Slogan, and appeals for spiritual guidance in our leisure hours, were given. Crowning it all were the admonitions, encouragement, instruc-

tions, and blessings of the First Presidency and other leaders of the Church.

The Slogan for the new year as adopted at the conference—"We Stand for *Loyal Adherence to Latter-day Saint Ideals*"—will carry onward throughout the year, the inspiration of this great conference.

A full account of the proceedings will appear in the August and ensuing issues of the Era.

### Program for Joint Evening Session for Sunday Evening, August 3

1. Opening exercises consisting of pre-arranged music and invocation.
2. Notices and announcement of program.
3. Thirty minute review of the centennial message of the First Presidency by one or more specially prepared persons. Material for preparation follows. The complete message is in the May number of the Era.
4. Other exercises in keeping with M. I. A. Sunday evening objectives. "Let Zion in Her Beauty Rise" would be a fitting closing hymn and the benediction might be made to correlate with the message.

### OUTLINE OF MESSAGE OF FIRST PRESIDENCY

1. *The Salutation.*  
In which the word "beloved" causes one to think of what was said at the baptism of Jesus and brings to mind the introduction of the Son by the Father in the sacred grove. However, the word is not an exaggerated symbol of the feelings of the leaders toward members of the Church.
2. *The Preface.*  
The words of him whose Church they lead, the Church which bears his name—words in which he declares himself as the Son of God, the life

and light of the world, the one through whom destruction may be escaped and eternal life secured.

The preface places all that follows subordinate to the words of the Redeemer. The choice of the preface proclaims meekness.

### 3. *The Official Reaffirmation and the Call for Re-dedication.*

Here the presidency is placed as the servant of the Church, and the Church speaks through its presidency. The reaffirmation breathes trust and loyalty. The call for re-dedication is expressive of authority and expectation. It has in it the warmth of an invitation and the strength of a command.

### 4. *The Testimony Concerning Revelation and Inspiration and the Tribute to Science.*

God is given the glory for all as the source of man's possibilities, and man's efforts to find out and do is appreciated as a factor in making the past one hundred years the miracle century of the ages, in which the path of progress has been divinely illuminated. There is in this part of the address a broadmindedness that can appreciate the achievements of men without being blind to the power of God.

### 5. *The Historical Review.*

The life of Jesus is portrayed in a few paragraphs, each one of which is a crystal of knowledge. The struggles of the primitive Church, the decline of Christianity and the rule of Pagan Idolatry are presented with a vividness that illuminates the necessity for

### 6. *A New Gospel Dispensation.*

In this part proof is given that "it was not a thing of chance." That it was preceded by foreseen preparatory events, that it was ushered in as a part of God's plan with the agency of man preserved. Attention is called to the fact that "As the Christian dispensation was ushered in the glory

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of the Lord shone about the shepherds who kept their watch over their flocks by night upon the hills of Judea while the voice of the angel of the Lord declared the babe of Bethlehem to be the Savior of the world. So also the glory of the Lord overshadowed Joseph Smith and God himself in the glory and majesty of his person with his only begotten Son, Jehovah, revealed himself in vision and with his own voice designated Joseph Smith to be the instrument through whom the greatest Gospel dispensation of the ages was to be ushered in."

Then follows an unshakable testimony concerning the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, the restoration of the Priesthood, organization of the Church, establishment of the "mountain of the Lord's house in the tops of the mountains," the subjugation of the desert, the lifting of the living from poverty to plenty, and the redemption of the dead from bondage to freedom.

### 7. The Future.

"It is pregnant with hope for the Church."

"With the present momentum with which the people of the world are moving forward in the determination of truth in every field of endeavor the outlook for the future passes beyond the vision of human comprehension." The American Indians are to prosper. There will be a conquest over disease and death. Universal peace is to come.

### 8. The Final Exhortation to the Saints.

"With this glorious vision of the future to which we look forward we expect our brethren and sisters to put their homes in order that they may be prepared for that which is to come. Refrain from evil; do that which is good; visit the sick, comfort those who are in sorrow, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, care for the

widows and the fatherless, observe the laws of health which the Lord has revealed, and keep yourselves unspotted from the sins of the world. Pay your tithes and offerings and the Lord will open the windows of Heaven and pour out blessings until there shall not be room to contain them.

"Be obedient to the laws of God and to the civil laws of the country in which you reside and uphold and honor those who are chosen to administer them."

This heartfelt admonition calls to mind the hymn in which is asked, "What more can He say than to you He has said,—"

Is there one exhortation in the message that is not in keeping with the Sermon on the Mount?

### 9. To the World—A Blessing, A Testimony, and a Call.

"To the people of the world we send our blessing and bear witness to them that God lives, that Jesus Christ is his only begotten Son, the Redeemer of the world. We call upon all men to come unto him that through his grace they may attain to eternal life and an inheritance with him in the kingdom of his Father."

### 10. Some Estimates of the Address.

"It is orthodox and up to date."  
"It ranks with the best epistles of any age."

"It is very choice religious literature. It will pay to read it through and then think it through."

"Judged by the epistle of its presidency, Mormonism cannot be charged with narrowness."

"It shows a deep solicitude of the leaders of the Church for the laity."

"It indicates a wholesome caution combined with consistent optimism among the leaders of the Church."

"An excellent expression of reverence for Deity and respect for mankind."

"A good guide to the abundant life."

## "That's the Berries!"

(Continued from page 638)

"No, but—s-sh-h, here they come."

"Alice, Jimmie," cried the restored Marianne, all pink and beautiful and breathless, "wouldn't you like to go back and take the home farm over? That tenant's always complaining, and . . ."

"We're going back," David took up the announcement. "I can out mine with a month's notice. There's nothing to be gained sticking around here; anyway,

we don't want to be rich, do we, Marianne?"

MARIANNE shook her head, and dimpled.

"Will you, Jimmie?" cried Alice. "If you don't I'll go back alone, and run the farm myself."

"I'll tell the world I'll go back," said Jimmie. "I'm sick of this kind of an existence. But," he turned a grinning countenance

(Continued on page 649)

## Adult Department

### COMMITTEE

A. L. Beeley; Lucy W. Smith, Chairmen J. F. Merrill F. S. Harris  
L. T. Cannon L. L. Daines R. W. Bennett M. C. Kimball A. M. Cannon

A UNIQUE and interesting affair was given by the Adult class of the 18th Ward, Ensign Stake, during the month of May. About sixty members of the group met to enjoy the well prepared program. The get-acquainted idea was stressed effectively so that all present seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion and lose all restraint. Many interesting games were played, but none achieved more popularity than the pantomime game. Newspapers were passed and each person instructed to tear the paper into forms and figures of animals or birds. These were gathered and pinned on a room. The room was darkened and a

light swung back of the sheet, producing a pantomime effect of dancing figures on the sheet, which was most amusing. The back of a sheet hung across the

Some of the ladies had responded to a request to wear old fashioned hats, and each in turn came forward and gave a history of her millinery treasure, some of which were 50 or 60 years of age—the hats, of course. As a finale to this feature, the ladies passed behind the sheet and staged a shadow fashion show.

The program was interspersed with delightful readings and songs. Delicious refreshments were served and the affair pronounced a great success.

## Industry

(Continued from page 639)

challenge to the youth of the Church is, in brief, this:

"Make a place for yourself in the new industrial life by taking into it:

The best training the schools can give you;

The full vigor of a manhood unimpaired by intemperance and indulgence; and

A mind undrugged by liquor and narcotics and unspoil by sin."

To this we would add: Seek to qualify to become a specialist. Learn a vocation wherewith you can make a comfortable livelihood and get forward.—*The Presiding Bishopric.*

## Practical Rules of Living

NEVER put off till tomorrow what can be done today.

Never trouble others to do what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have it.

Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.

Pride costs as much as hunger, thirst and cold.

We never repent of eating too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain those evils cost that never happen.

Take things by their smooth handle.

When angry, always count ten before you speak.

—*Decalogue of Thos. Jefferson.*

## Recreation in the Home

(Continued from page 636)

mental urge may be given normal expression today in a more wholesome manner than ever before.

This is due to the prevalence of the automobile among the people.

Too often owners of cars fail to take advantage of their opportunities to travel beyond the limits of their own communities. If parents could but realize the untold benefits derived by the entire family from an occasional extensive automobile trip they would strain every point to give to their children that advantage. Not just a ride on some holiday along a traffic jammed high-way where nothing can be seen but other cars and other families and nothing can be thought about except to avoid collision and where next to get a "hot-dog," but a well-planned leisurely tour off the beaten paths, into the mountains, to a near-by lake, up into the pine trees and the cedars. Let the restless boys do the planning. Make them realize that it is their trip and allow them all the joy possible for them to obtain. Many Latter-day Saint families have taken trips of this sort and the whole-hearted enthusiasm with which they are planning the next trip is ample proof of the benefits which are to be derived.

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\$17.00

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## M Men - Gleaners Department

### COMMITTEE

Combined M Men and Gleaners Committees

### CARRY ON!

So powerfully were these words sung and cried aloud during the June conference now finished that the echoes surely must resound the length and breadth of the Church for the rest of 1930—the great centennial year. All the M Men and Gleaners who were present at the meeting held on Sunday night, June 8, in the Salt Lake Tabernacle must have thrilled from tip to toe with the grateful realization of their heritage. To belong to a Church which is the Church of Jesus Christ—the only one to which his name is given—is a privilege not lightly to be regarded. To be one of the youth of that Church, with years of service and understanding ahead, and the possibility of becoming a leader of other youth is one which confronts every worthy member of the Church. Not an organization man-made and man-governed, there exists no aristocracy except that of strong character and splendid manhood and womanhood, and just as likely is one whose progenitors were of the working class of some obscure old-world town to become a leader and power for good as is one whose temporal condition is of wealth and prominence.

The program of the M Men-Gleaner session was one of inspiration to the young people and of encouragement and promise to their leaders. The songs, "Carry On" and "Hail to the President," were sung with fervor and faith which resounded to the vaulted dome of the great building in which so many beautiful songs have been sung. The pictures of the youth of the past and the present-day leaders set in motion the hope and determination to prove true to all that has gone before. Our progenitors bequeathed to this generation a sacred trust—to carry on the ideals for which they struggled and suffered—and we must not, shall not betray that trust. We must not, shall not, prove unworthy!

The program began with an introduction of the M Men chairman by Supt. Geo. Albert Smith. After the opening exercises, the theme song, "Carry On," was sung, followed by pictorial representations of the Contribution of Youth to the Past and The Young People of Today, Faith, The Human Body, The Home, Our Government and Our Religion were the subjects treated by the young

people, and they did it in a most impressive manner. President Heber J. Grant was introduced, in response to which the entire assemblage sang "Hail to Our President." The President delivered a brief, forceful address, and then the song, "Carry On," was repeated. The benediction, offered by a Gleaner Girl, closed one of the most impressive meetings ever held in the M. I. A.

During the summer months to come, the program as presented in the Tabernacle will be printed in detail in the *Improvement Era*. M Men and Gleaners all over the Church will want to put it on in ward or stake gathering. Prepare it as you are able, and in the early fall, present in your own localities in such a manner as to arouse in every heart the resolve to Carry On!

\* \* \*

## The M. I. A. Slogan for 1930

(Continued from page 611)

"Mormonism" has "rolled forth from the mountain" and out of obscurity into broad daylight. Our integrity and devotion to this cause depend upon the strength of our testimony, and if we would safeguard our spiritual heritage we must do it by gaining a strong individual testimony of the truth of this Gospel.

**O**UR duty is not only to preserve our heritage, but to enlarge upon it. Each previous generation has made its heritage greater by its achievements. We also must accomplish greater things. Thus we will keep our heritage bright and shining and hand it down to the coming generation better than we received it.

In conclusion I wish to emphasize the fact that we inhabit a land which is choice above all others. The prophets have decreed that the people who possess this land "shall serve God, or shall be swept off when they are ripe in their iniquity."

(Continued on page 646)

## M Men Department

### COMMITTEE

Herbert B. Maw, Chairman  
Oscar W. Carlson

John F. Bowman  
Alma C. Clayton

Thos. A. Beal  
Homer Warner



ADAMS WARD M MEN BASKETBALL TEAM

### What is an M Man?

By JACK TREVELLO

IT has been the good fortune of the writer to be identified with the M Men in California for the past several years. I have answered the query, "What is an M Man?" hundreds of times. Through the various athletic activities of the M Men, a tremendous amount of publicity has come to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Golden Bear state.

A potent factor that has gained wide attention and has stimulated great interest is the Calarico Interstake Basketball Tournament sponsored by the Los Angeles Stake M Men. This project was conceived by a group of M Men representing the Adams Ward. Little did they dream that in the space of a few years it would grow to the proportions that it has. At the last interstake tournament, teams from Juarez, old Mexico, Maricopa Stake, Arizona, and Hollywood and Los Angeles Stakes were represented. An enthusiastic crowd of over 750 people witnessed the fast basketball exhibited on the three nights of the tournament.

All team men were guests of honor at a huge victory ball at the Stake Auditorium where Stake M Men President presented the Adams Ward of the Los Angeles Stake the perpetual trophy, which requires three wins to maintain possession. The Adams Ward M Men team has had a very impressive season, winning over 98 per cent of all games played and defeating some of the fastest quintettes in the city of Los Angeles. This team uses the four-man zig system, which has developed an exceptional fast passing attack.

These athletic activities have done much in answering the question, "What is an M Man?"

### M Men Basket-ball

THAT basket-ball among the M Men of the Church has reached amazing proportions is clearly shown in the article "Eight out of Eight Thousand" which appeared in the *Improvement Era* for May, 1929. It is claimed that the M Men basketball league is the largest in the world. If you know of one larger, tell us about it!

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## Gleaner Girls Department

### COMMITTEE

Emily H. Higgs, Chairman  
Grace C. Neslen  
Rachel G. Taylor  
Martha G. Smith

THE end of a school career with its attendant festivities is called commencement, suggestive of the newer, broader field lying beyond the confines of building and laboratory. In the M. I. A. we have no definite end or beginning, for the close of one season is but the beginning of the interlude before the next one, and in May of this year our thoughts dwell lovingly upon the work of the season just completed and run ahead in anticipation to the commencement of another not far away.

During the summer months, the Gleaners have much to be thinking about, for they are extremely fortunate in having provided a series of lessons for the season of 1930-31, written by Dr. Adam S. Bennion, in his own inimitable style, and abounding in the ideas which will help to solve the problems which confront the girl of today.

The course is divided into four sections: the introduction, including lesson titles such as "You are Gleaners," "Tools of Effective Gleaning," and "Fields in which to Glean." Then follows a study of four great books—the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants and the Pearl

of Great Price. After this is a study of friends worth making and keeping and knowing—the friendship of the Lord of Hosts, of parental counsel, and of each other, and finally, the field of experience—making of Sunday a Sabbath, gaining a testimony, paying tithes and offerings, and knowing the joy and consolation of prayer.

The Latter-day Saint girl is not content with the interpretation of life as it is found in movie and novel and text-book. She is fired with the knowledge that for her is a destiny beyond the stars greater than the simple satisfaction which follows decency and kindness. There are laws to be learned, understood and obeyed, and these laws govern every phase of her living. To study them, to analyze and appreciate them is her privilege, and the Gleaner group of girls are the friends with whom she can discuss them to their mutual satisfaction and blessing.

In the months now upon us, the glowing summer months, may the Gleaners of this beautiful organization of ours remember with joy the hours gone, and look forward with anticipation to the ones lying in wait at the end of the vacation time.

## The M. I. A. Slogan for 1930

(Continued from page 644)

uity." Our ship of state, our heritage in all its glory, is in peril, unless this people and nation reverence God and obey his law. Our forefathers have been a Godfearing law-abiding people. They built and held their heritage through sacrifice and obedience to law, and if we expect to hold and preserve ours we must do the same. We have a most wonderful heritage, the like of which no other people has ever had.

Is there not urgent need for the Latter-day Saints to observe the laws of the land, to value the sanctity of our bodies and keep them pure and strong by observing the Word of Wisdom? And finally it is our duty and our joy to live true to the light of the Gospel. For inasmuch as we do these things, our heritage will be enlarged, enhanced and perpetuated.

THE eyes of the leaders of this

Church are lifted to a glorious vision, a vision of what Zion shall be in that day when her people observe law, the spiritual law, the political law, and the laws of health. For in that day "out of Zion shall go forth the law." How necessary it is, then, that we obey the law.

And now with the radiant light of the past one hundred years to illuminate and inspire us on our way, shall we not go on in so great a cause, or to higher and nobler achievements, on with standards raised and banners floating? Yes, "true to the faith and ideals that our parents have cherished, true to the truth for which martyrs have perished. Soul, heart and hand" faithful and true "We stand, for the preservation of our heritage through obedience to law."



## Junior Girls Department

### COMMITTEE

May Booth Talmage, Chairman    Laura P. Nicholson  
Agnes S. Knowlton    Julia S. Baxter    Marie C. Thomas

WHEN this, the July issue of the *Era*, appears, our great M. I. A. Conference will be over. We sincerely trust that the spirit and theme of this occasion has entered into the heart of every Mutual girl—the spirit to carry on the ideals and achievements of those who have preceded us in this work. May the Junior Committee extend sincere appreciation to all our loyal workers, not alone to those who were near enough to give co-operation and support in making our Junior-Bee-Hive Festival the great success it was, but to all who have given of their time and effort to bring successful achievement to our course of lessons and the activity work for the entire year.

We feel that greater interest and enthusiasm were shown in Junior Contest work than ever before, and the training in self-control and good sportsmanship must have brought a development that put each participant into the winning class, even though a few may have reached the goal one step ahead of others.

The strenuous period of our year's work is finished, but we trust that the summer months may provide many occasions for happy and joyous association. Just as all good mothers feel the same deep interest in their children's welfare during vacation time as in the winter months, so all Junior leaders should keep some point of contact in the summer time. They need not feel a burden of responsibility, but it should be quite simple for them to develop in the girls a desire to meet once a month or so in some social gathering. An early morning picnic, tennis match, swimming party, or breakfast in some park or wooded spot in the hills nearby would provide an hour or so of pure delight. One who has never been thrilled by the music of birds on an early morning has missed much of life's joy. To hear it with ones you love adds to its loveliness.

An afternoon spent with sewing or other hand work, while one of the group gives an interesting review of the Junior book, might afford another profitable diversion. A visit to some spot of historic interest, to see a collection of relics, accompanied by a person who knows and will relate early experiences and tell of days in which our "Mormon" towns were surrounded by mud walls as a protection against the Indians, and include

some early customs and traditions of both people, would be of inestimable value.

Refreshments at gatherings of this kind need not be expensive, but they should be appetizing. Lettuce and egg, or nuts with mayonnaise on lettuce leaves make delicious sandwiches, and these with seasonable fruit and cookies provide a sufficiency for any occasion. Let the spirit of comradeship be featured and the thought of refreshments be secondary. Affairs of this kind will often develop feelings of confidence and friendship between a leader and her group that a whole season of formal lessons may not bring about. What we eat, so long as it is wholesome and good, is not of vital concern, but whether we keep hold of these girls and inspire them with high ideals and help them to develop the courage necessary to meet the problems of vacation time successfully is of tremendous import. If we take the trouble to call them by phone occasionally, write them a friendly note when they are out of town for a week or so, or show in any simple manner our personal interest in them and their comings and goings, the response, though not always measurable, will far more than justify the effort put forth.

### Junior Roses

HE decorations for the Saturday morning session of June Conference, held in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, were beautiful in the extreme. Over night the building had in very truth blossomed as the rose, and every possible space was colorfully and harmoniously bedecked. Roses were everywhere—pale pink, deep pink, and rich rose color—and the warmth of the flowers carried into every heart a message of beauty, not alone because of their appearance, but also the spirit which lingered about them.

They were not ordinary roses, sent from uninterested hands and beautiful only in hue and arrangement; they were glorified flowers, made by the hands of girls whose love of flowers has been developing through the years, and who recognize in them the handiwork of the Creator.

To the Junior Girls of the Church, and to their loyal leaders, the General Board extends a sincere expression of love and gratitude.

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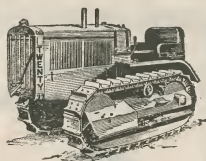
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## Bee Hive Girls Department

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MRS. EVELYN N. WOOD, Bee-Keeper, Emigration Ward, Liberty Stake, Salt Lake City, gives a few of the interesting things accomplished by her swarm during the past year.

"Bee-Hive work is lovely. How we've all enjoyed it! There is a thrill in finding ourselves and accomplishing things we never thought we could ever do. Our class began in the fall with two members and now we have a swarm of 18 lovely girls. For Christmas presents we made 18 pillows for our mothers, and sent a basket to one poor family. We assisted our Mutual Presidency by presenting one of the three one-act plays given by our ward. We presented a Bee-Hive operetta, depicting the meaning and plan of Bee-Hive work. We were given the entire evening and had the largest crowd of people ever in attendance at a Sacrament meeting, according to our bishop. We are giving the operetta again for our Swarm Day. We served our swarm and Mutual Presidency to a six course dinner. The girls set the table and served the dinner themselves. We have had several other interesting parties and have organized the girls so that each will have a chance to play the part of a gracious hostess. We have divided ourselves into groups to get our patriarchal blessings and quite a number of the girls now have them.

At the close of Mutual we presented each of our presidency with an organy-petted pillow, similar to the ones we made for our mothers.

"We are all organized for our summer work with many plans for loads of fun ahead. We hope all the girls of the Church have enjoyed their Bee-Hive work as much as we have."

Mrs. Reba Hendricks, Mt. Ogden Stake Bee-Keeper writes as follows:

"We have been having some most interesting demonstrations and feel quite encouraged with the work being accomplished in our stake. Last week all of the Bees' of the stake met and our Scout Executive gave us a most interesting demonstration on First Aid and bandaging. Then we concluded our rally with a demonstration of the contest dance.

Two of our swarms in the stake are decorating their class rooms, painting and stenciling their symbols, bees, bee-hive, etc., and we hope it will awaken interest throughout the stake in having nice, appropriate class rooms. "We are enjoying our Bee-Hive work, which we feel is the most interesting part of M. I. A."

The Bee-Hive Committee wishes to express to all of the stake and ward Bee-Keepers and the girls themselves, appreciation for the splendid work

which they have accomplished during the past year. The contest work has gone over splendidly, we feel, and many girls have been given an opportunity of taking part in the various events. We have been more than delighted in visiting many of the stakes and hearing retold stories presented so beautifully by the girls, and in some stakes of hearing many lovely choruses; of seeing the beautiful scrap books and hand work that have been displayed. We believe the holding of fine Swarm Day gatherings has far excelled anything previously held in this capacity. Truly the bees have been working all day long gathering golden honey, and we are sure they have received much joy in so doing.

We hope you are all planning to carry on summer activities. Read the suggestions given in our Bee-Hive messages for June.

### Emery Stake Reports

UNDER the direction of their stake officers the Junior and Bee-Hive girls of Emery Stake entertained their mothers at a stake banquet at Castle Dale. Each ward contributed a number to the program. Bee-Hive girls retold story was contested. Two-hundred were present and we feel this was a very successful event for both mothers and girls expressed their appreciation and pleasure.

### From the Missions

WE are always glad to hear of the progress being made in the missions. Sister Eliza W. Tadjie, wife of President Tadjie of the Swiss-German Mission, expresses her delight with the beautiful symbolism of Bee-Hive work and states that the girls are very much interested. She says in part:

"This year is a happy one for me. One hundred and fifty girls will be receiving their Bee-Hive diplomas at the spring district conferences, and I am looking forward with real pleasure to the exercises I shall be privileged to attend. There is much to do and I am always busy, but I am very happy in the work."

Sister Eudora Widtsøe, daughter of President John Widtsøe, writes a

very interesting article on Bee-Hive work in the April 6th number of the Millennial Star. We quote in part as follows:

"A Bee-Hive Girl! What a wonderful privilege for the modern girl. A Bee-Hive girl takes her name after the little busy bee. The bee is a very energetic insect. When she works, she works very hard. She is happy and cheerful and does her share to make the world a brighter place.

"I have the pleasure to announce that these European Missions have upwards of two thousand girls who are actively engaged in this wonderful work. This certainly shows that the young womanhood of the Church here in Europe have taken firm grasp of this helpful work which is so joyous and soul-satisfying.

"Bee-Hive girls who are now 'Bee-Hive Mothers' tell us one and all that because of their Bee-Hive work they have been able to respond to their duty and do their work so well that they know beyond doubt that they are better women and better mothers to healthier children than they would have been otherwise. Is not that a goal worth striving for? It is a privilege, this opportunity to become better women, to understand our fellow-men better, to do our part to make this world a happier and sweeter place in which to live, and one which none of us should miss."

Sister Widtsoe states that one swarm of Bee-Hive girls engaged a dancing teacher for one night a week and that they have become quite graceful dancers. Also that some swarms have organized dramatic and operatic societies and others have done a great deal of Red-cross work.

## "That's the Berries!"

(Continued from page 642)

to David, "Boy, you've got some nerve to take a chance on that one after this day's demonstration. If you ever make her mad—bloody goes the digestion!"

THEIR laughter, excited planning, the gay youth of them met the little dark-skinned buckster as he came down the stairs. He paused to listen, smiling, eyes glowing. He had not heard such merry-making since he left his care-free Italy. He had begun to think laughter had no place in this new busy world. It warmed his heart. He swung his crate jauntily to the other shoulder and lifted his head high.

"s'Americano say," he chuckled, "dats de berries! Make a de laugh."

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## Vanguard Handicraft Projects

By A. A. ANDERSON

Scout Executive Timpanogos Council, B. S. A.

### Horse-hair Handicraft

THE art of working horsehair like leather thong plaiting was known and practiced by the early pioneers and cow-men of the west. In the spring of the year when the horses were brought in from the winter range, they were usually unfit for use until their manes and tails were trimmed out, and the mane and tail assumed proportions considered right. This hair was bunched into gunny-sacks and saved until winter when long evenings afforded opportunity for making new equipment—cinches, ropes, hackamores, bridle reins, quirts, hatbands and belts.

There are four general types of horsehair construction:

(1) *Twisted strand hairwork*—in which the hair strands are made into rope.

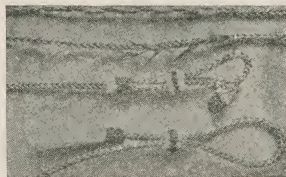
(2) *Plaited strand work*—in which four, eight, twelve and sixteen plaited strands are laid side by side and sewn together through the edges to form a flat strap.

(3) *Halfhitch work*—which is built around a core or body of the work for ornamental decoration and to cover joints and fastenings, by making half hitches with a strand of hair around a twine that is wound around a core as the work progresses.

(4) *Woven hairwork*—which is produced by carrying strands of horse hair as warp, and weaving with a two strand weft.

### TWISTED HAIR WORK

A simple twisting apparatus may be made from a piece of wood as shown



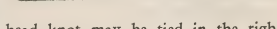
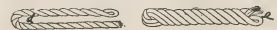
in sketches *a* and *b*. The arrow-shaped stick is placed on a large spike which is passed through a hole in the stick near the arrow barb.



The spike serves as a handle and axis for the stick which is rotated as shown in sketch *c*. To operate requires two persons (No. 1 and No. 2 in sketch *c*), 1 doing the twisting and backing away as the rope lengthens from No. 2, who holds the strands and does the feeding of hair into the strand as needed.



The length of the twisted strand should be four times the length of the finished rope. The single strand is doubled, as shown in sketch *d*, and the strands coil together into a double strand rope, which is doubled again as shown in sketch *e*. Terminal turks-



head knot may be tied in the right hand end. The left hand end does not require a terminal knot since the strands double back upon themselves and are held tightly in place by their tendency to twist together.

### PLAITED STRAND HAIR WORK

Horsehair strands to be plaited should be prepared from hair of uniform length. Place eight to ten horsehairs together side by side and tie with an overhand knot at the one end.

With a slight twist, about three turns will make the hairs into a strand, then tie an overhand knot in the other end. Tie eight of these strands together with a twine at one end. Divide



four strands on each side, place over a nail and proceed as illustrated in sketches a to h.



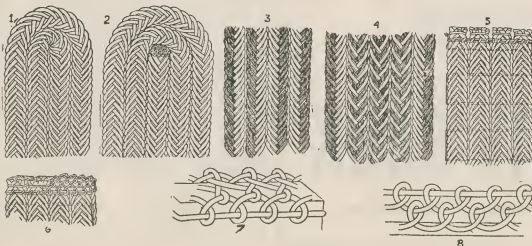
Cross the two left hand strands over the two right hand ones as in sketch b. The highest strand on the left is brought around behind the strand beneath the two right hand strands, and over two as indicated in sketch b, and in place in sketch c. Change hands and repeat the operation from right to left, as shown in sketches d and e.

The principle involved in eight strand-plaiting is the bringing of the highest strand around behind the plait, beneath two and over two. Change hands and repeat, using the highest strand in the opposite side of the plait.

Many and varied are the designs produced by using black and white horsehair or other contrasting colors in the plait strand. Horsehair may be dyed to give a variety of colors. The color and arrangement of the hair strands determine the pattern in the plaited strand. These strands may then be used to parallel other strands in such position that the combined pattern results in the design element of the finished work. Pattern k is the result of following strand arrangement j. Arrangement l produces pattern m and n pattern o.



**Strap Assembly**—Sketches 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, illustrate method commonly used in the assembly of a strap from plaited strands. Sketches 1 and 2 show the method of making the round end for a belt.



strand is laid along the side of the first strand and passes around the end and back on the other side. These are stitched together in this position with a needle and strong thread. Other strands may be added to increase to desired width.

In case the desired width of an assembled strap requires an odd number of plaited strands, the arrangement shown in sketch 2 is used. The paralleled plaited strands which make up the strap are held in place by stitching together as shown in sketch 5, with strong thread. This thread is sewed through all strands with stitches the length of which are equal to the width of a single plaited strand from which the strap is made. The end of the strap shown in sketch 5 is made rigid by seizing each strand separately with thread, about two turns each, and then seizing all strands with a few turns of thread just back of the seizing threads on the individual strands. Then cover with half hitch work as in sketches 6, 7, and 8.

**Sliding Knot and Tassel Construction**—Adjustable fastenings for horsehair hatbands, lanyards and other articles, are similar in construction to those used on leather. Single or double plaited strands may be terminated in a tassel. The ends of the plaited strands are seized with thread as shown in sketches B and C.



Short lengths of hair (5 or 6 inches) are placed around the ends of the strands as in D. The seizing thread is carried around the tassel hair as in E. The upper ends of the tassel hair is folded back over the seizing thread as in F, and these are seized in place as in G.

The needle is now threaded with

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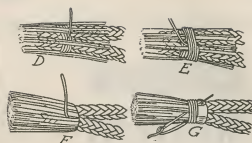
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a strand of horsehair and the end is secured as shown in sketches H and J,

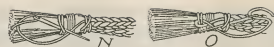


Two turns of horsehair are half hitched on each side of the seizing thread as in sketches K, L, and M.

These bands of horse hair are used in forming the covering which conceals the ends of the tassel. Two styles of tassel end coverings are shown in sketches P and S.



The former is made as indicated in N and O, and is adapted to tassels of

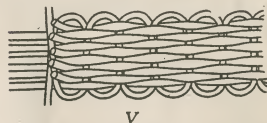


small dimensions, and for best appearance the length should be equal to the diameter of the covered tassel.

The tassel covering shown in sketch S is built up of several rows of half hitches, woven as shown in sketch R.



*Woven Horsehair Work*—Woven strands of horsehair are made up as shown in sketch V.



The ten-warp strands are divided equally, and the two weft strands are passed through the warp strands from opposite directions, the warp is then reversed and the operation is repeated. The weaving is ended as shown in sketch F, and the half hitch covering is applied to conceal the ends of the warp strands.



Horsehair of all colors, patterns, constructions and further details on hair work can be procured from Lester Griswold, 623 Park Terrace, Colorado Springs, Colo.

1 1 1

### To Vanguard Leaders

MR. VANGUARD LEADER, do you realize that your "Boy Challenge" is to attract the 15 and 16 year old boy, now on the street, into your troop and to so fire his curiosity and interest that the attraction of the street will fade out in comparison to what you introduce for his leisure time occupation, even during the interim between troop meetings?

Your most effective aid in this direction is simple hand-crafts. There is something about a rope, string or tool that has a forceful appeal to the boy of this age.

Do not pass up this opportunity because you may not be personally adaptable or interested, because it will

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attract 100 per cent of these boys and hold them. If you cannot do this yourself, call in the boy, or, better still, the Old Timer who knows his stuff and carefully coach him to keep pretty well within these suggestions as to the amount fed the troop at each meeting, remembering always that interest is killed by over-feeding information. Always keep them hungry for more. Yes, if you work this right you can empty the streets of 15 and 16 year olds.

Imagine what would happen if you appeared before your troop, equipped with a sharp knife and stick of wood, for a cutting gauge, and demonstrated how to cut long thongs from the round discs cut from a pair of old shoes. Tell them of the many useful and ornamental creations which may be made from such material, then follow that by asking each one to remove the laces from his shoes, double them, and then proceed to teach four plait round. Climax this with the promise of the terminal turkshead and sliding knot for next meeting. Sit back and watch the fine interest work.

The *Improvement Era* for this year (January, March and July, 1930) has printed several articles on this subject prepared especially for Vanguards and leaders. This issue explains and illustrates horse-hair work, a fascinating craft for boys. Don't fail to take note of this article and put it to use in your work with the young fellows whose hands need occupation and whose hearts and sympathies respond to any interest you take in helping them to find that occupation.

### Vanguard Song

(Theme—"The Stars and Stripes")  
To My Sons, Conrad, Jay, Jack and Dan

We're the Vanguard ranks of Zion,  
M. I. A. and home rely on  
Our progression as we try on  
Service to impart—  
Youth adventuring, staunch endeavor-  
ing,  
Pledging hand and heart.

North to south, east to west, the world  
needs men  
And is calling on land and ocean,  
Here are we, glad and free and proud  
to be  
At our country's call for service and  
devotion.

The Faith of our Fathers shall lead,  
Their precepts we prize and obey,  
Their glory of valor and deed  
Is the standard of M. I. A.  
For us they have blazoned the trail,  
and

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SALT LAKE CITY

For us they have builded up the waste-land,  
Or mountain, or valley and plain—  
O we will follow where the fathers' steps are leading.

(Racket—  
Great to be a buddy—buddy—buddy,  
in this good old U. S. A.  
Great to be a member—member—  
member—in this good old M. I. A.)

And we will sentinel the future with  
its glories all before us,  
While a thousand wards re-echo as we  
sing the Vanguard chorus,  
With our arrowhead turned skyward,  
Peace our emblem and our by-word.  
We will pledge the cause that stands  
for youth,  
That builds for truth, that lives for  
right forever, as

On and upward and over and go,  
With colors in joyful array,  
The Vanguards of Zion enlisting,  
Are the sentries of M. I. A.  
From hillside and valley they teem,  
From mountain and desert they are  
thronging,  
The nations' defenders and pride—  
All hail the Vanguards of the M. I.  
A. of Zion.

—Bertha A. Kleinman.

### Palmyra Stake Scouts

TO better themselves and help to make other people happy, a number of boys are putting in practice some of the many good things they are taught as Deacons and Scouts at their weekly meetings.

They believe in being doers as well as hearers of the word, which was demonstrated this year as it has been for many years, by the boys of the Second Ward in rendering their yearly good turn.

This year, 25 boys, accompanied by Mark J. Brockbank, John F. Warner, Jr., Walter H. Moore and H. Eugene Hughes, furnished three loads of wood

cut up into stove lengths and delivered to 22 widows of the ward.

It gave the officials who accompanied the boys a genuine thrill to hear the words of appreciation expressed by the widows to the boys.

Much good will be accomplished by the rendering of this kind of service, and many a humble and sincere prayer will ascend to heaven in behalf of these two organizations of boys who are cooperating for the betterment of boys in preparing them for future and greater service.

To receive good from training in character development, we should use the agencies we have for the purposes for which they were instituted.



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BOY SCOUT BIRTHDAY CAKE

### Scouts Active in Woodruff Stake

**T**ROOP 162 (formerly Troop 2) of Evanston, Wyo., has held its annual Fathers and Sons' banquet, this being the tenth annual celebration of the organization of the troop in 1920. This event is a project of the troop and is growing each year and giving more stimulus to the boys in the Scout work, and bringing about a fine contact between father and son, and a pledge from both to help with the Scout program for another year.

This being the tenth anniversary, the troop invited the mothers also to attend, and it was one of the most inspirational meetings of fathers, mothers and sons imaginable, and was voted the best and most successful of the banquets held during the past ten years. There were one hundred and twenty-five parents and Scouts present, with special guests, making a total of one hundred forty. Song folders were provided for every guest and the singing was an inspiration, for everyone present took part in it.

The evening commenced with the regular line formation of the Scouts, followed by the invocation, and then the flag ceremony and pledge of allegiance to the flag by Scouts and guests. Contest games were played between fathers and sons and mothers and sons, and great enthusiasm prevailed. After the contests all repaired to the banquet room and a delightful program was carried out as the meal progressed. A large birthday cake had been prepared and beautifully decorated, which served 140 people and left enough over for forty more. A wonderful cake! All lights were turned out while the candles were lighted and the group sang America, followed by one minute of silence with heads bowed in memory of the Scouts who had been called to the great beyond. After grace was said, the following numbers were presented: "Smile Song;" address of welcome; ceremony of cutting birthday cake; a toast by the Bishop; song, "Evanston Scouts," by the boys; Scout Laws, by three Scouts; reading, "A Father's Ten Commandments;" Song "Dads;" toast by a Scout Father; song, "That Wonderful Mother of Mine;" toast by a Scout Mother; reading, "My Mother."

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MAKERS OF THE BIRTHDAY CAKE

Awards and recognitions were given various officials for faithful and regular attention to Scouting, and a spirit of joyous gratitude prevailed.

Troop 162 is fostered by the

Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and is being served and supported most ably and well by that institution.

## President Young's Attitude Toward Boys

By CHARLES R. HOWE

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG used to make his trips north and south each year visiting the settlements to encourage and counsel the people. If any differences had occurred among them they presented their grievances, and he would always take time to listen. He would sit in judgment and render his decisions. It is said that in almost all in-

stances both sides would accept his verdict without question. He would even give counsel in private matters, and these personal interviews occurred after every religious meeting. In most cases the people of the settlements would club together and give him and his company a banquet. The tables would be loaded with the good things of the year.

On one of these trips President Heber C. Kimball took one of his boys, a lad ten years of age. At Fillmore the people had prepared a banquet. All were seated around the table, prepared to commence the repast, when President Young noticed that Heber's boy was absent. He held up the ceremonies until a messenger was sent to bring the boy in. He was placed at the head of the table along side of President Young, and was served by that great man, before any one else received attention.

It was such little acts of kindness that won the love of the people for Brigham Young. He was thoughtful and generous with his time and means, and these qualities made him the great man he proved himself to be. Other little acts of his (and they were really his biggest acts) might be related.

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